DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 107 763 CE 003 838

AUTHOR	Blegen, Larry; Green, Mark
TITLE	By the Sweat of Your Brow: English Unit for the Ninth Grade Student.
INSTITUTION	White Bear Lake Independent School District 624, Minn.
PUB DATE	[73]
NOTE	83p.; For related documents, see CE 003 833-7 and CE 003 839-49
EDRS PRICE	MF-$0.76 HC-$4.43 PLUS POSTAGE
DESCRIPTORS	*American Literature; *Career Education; Directed Reading Activity; Educational Resources; Employer Employee Relationship; *English Curriculum; Grade 9; Instructional Materials; Secondary Education; *Supplementary Reading Materials; Teacher Developed Materials; *Work Attitudes
IDENTIFIERS	*Readings (Collections)

ABSTRACT

The guide, developed as part of an exemplary program for junior high school students, is a ninth grade English unit designed to use contemporary literary materials which deal with occupational situations and attitudes of both employers and employees. The emphasis is on the relationship between on-the-job and leisure time activities. Three pages of the guide contain an outline for organizing the unit and cover the broad learning objectives, the task analysis sequence, the learning objectives in performance terms, and strategies to be employed for learning. A bibliography, a unit evaluation, and a unit assignment sheet comprise one page each. The body of the document consists of the texts of the 18 dramatic pieces, short stories, magazine articles, poems, modern songs, and television and movie scripts which make up the unit materials. (JR)

Documents acquired by ERIC include many informal unpublished materials not available from other sources. ERIC makes every effort to obtain the best copy available. nevertheless, items of marginal reproducibility are often encountered and this affects the quality of the microfiche and hardcopy reproductions ERIC makes available via the ERIC Document Reproduction Service (EDRS). EDRS is not responsible for the quality of the original document. Reproductions supplied by EDRS are the best that can be made from the original.

ED107763

CAREER EDUCATION

BY THE SWEAT

OF YOUR BROW

A CAREER DEVELOPMENTAL PROGRAM

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH
EDUCATION & WELFARE
NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF
EDUCATION
THIS DOCUMENT HAS BEEN REPRODUCED EXACTLY AS RECEIVED FROM THE PERSON OR ORGANIZATION ORIGINATING IT. POINTS OF VIEW OR OPINIONS STATED DO NOT NECESSARILY REPRESENT OFFICIAL NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION POSITION OR POLICY

CAREER AWARENESS
SELF AWARENESS
APPRECIATION & ATTITUDES
DECISION MAKING
SKILL AWARENESS, BEGINNING COMPETENCE
ECONOMIC AWARENESS
EMPLOYABILITY SKILLS
EDUCATIONAL
AWARENESS

**White Bear Lake
Public Schools**

CE003835

ED107763

BY THE SWEAT OF YOUR BROW

ENGLISH UNIT
FOR THE
NINTH GRADE STUDENT

by

Larry Blegen
Mark Green

CAREER DEVELOPMENT

Grades 7 - 9

An Exemplary Program
in
Career Education

Funded under the Provisions of Part D
of the Vocational Education Amendment of 1968
for
Independent School District #624
White Bear Lake, Minnesota

Ernest M. Thomsen, Superintendent
Ron Johnstone, Director Vocational Education

1972 - 73

BY THE SWEAT OF YOUR BROW

A unit designed to help the student understand the dignity of work and to see its relationship to his life situation.

This unit is designed in such a way as to use contemporary materials dealing with occupational situations and attitudes of both employers and employees. The emphasis is on the relationship between on-job and leisure time activities. It has been constructed to utilize various literary genre including drama, short stories, magazine articles, poetry, modern songs, television and movies. In addition to this, guest speakers should be invited to speak to groups on an attitudinal basis.

In addition to the classroom procedure, several projects should be formulated on an individual basis for students who wish to seek in depth how people really feel about their jobs and lives.

Our entire emphasis has been toward helping the student realize the importance of selecting an area of interest that really excites him to avoid job apathy and complacency and to help him develop a positive attitude toward the world of work.

Mark Green
Larry Blegen

BY THE SWEAT OF YOUR BROW

ORGANIZING A UNIT

STEP I --- NAME OF UNIT: By the Sweat of Your Brow

STEP II -- BROAD LEARNING OBJECTIVES TO BE ACHIEVED WITH UNIT

A. Realization of growing up surrounded by a multitude of people's adjustments to working situations.

B. Realization of basic needs for acceptance or rejection of people's attitude to their working conditions.

C. Formulating a self-concept of one's own view of acceptance or rejection of work, its needs, and its relation to life and leisure time activities.

STEP III - "TASK ANALYSIS" SEQUENCE

A. Identification of major ideas to be stressed

1. Development of positive attitudes toward employment.

2. Recognizing broad needs of various types of employment (reading, writing, etc.).

B. Skills to be taught

No specific skills will be taught in this unit. The entire emphasis of the unit will be to help the student develop a positive attitude toward the world of work.

C. Attitudes to be developed

1. Recognize misconceptions people have about work.

2. Recognizing need for successful participation in the world of work.

3. Developing positive acceptance of world of work and its ramifications.

D. Are there any pre-requisites for students which must be considered?

   1. Knowledge of parental attitudes toward their work.

   2. Knowledge of other adult acquaintances toward work.

   3. Students' own preconceived attitudes toward world of work.

STEP IV -- LEARNING OBJECTIVES IN PERFORMANCE TERMS

A. By the end of the first cycle the student will be able to define "vocation" and "avocation" in one sentence.

B. By the end of the second cycle the student will be able to write one paragraph on two of his vocational and two of his avocational interests.

C. By the end of the third cycle the student will be able to write five reasons for the necessity of using leisure time effectively and profitably.

D. By the end of the fourth cycle the student will write ten characteristics that make people happy and content with their jobs.

E. By the end of the fourth cycle the student will write ten characteristics that make people unhappy with their jobs.

STEP V --- STRATEGIES TO BE EMPLOYED FOR LEARNING

A. Listing of learning experiences desired to help students reach the objectives.

   1. Students will read
      a. "The First Appendectomy"
      b. "Printer's Measure"
      c. "Money"
      d. "Rosaria"
      e. "Operation Cockroach"
      f. "A Firm Word or Two"
      g. "Florida Road Workers"
      h. "Dying . . . It's a Living"
      i. "What Every Boy Should Know"
      j. "Fadiman's Lae of Optimum Improvement"

   k. "The Robots Are Here"
   l. "The Standard of Living"
   m. Extract from "The People, Yes"
   n. "Man's Work? Woman's Work? Not Now"
   o. "The Wide World of Work"
   p. "Money on Morgan"
   q. "Football Injuries Upset the Odds"

2. Students will look at
   a. Job Attitude filmstrip series
   b. Booklets and pamphlets relating to specific jobs and professions
   c. Booklets and pamphlets on avocations

3. Students will listen to
   a. Recording of Rose, Glenn Yarbrough
   b. America, Yes!

4. Students might construct
   a. Research projects relating to people presently involved in specific vocational and avocational pursuits.
   b. Bulletin boards, collages, and posters on vocational and avocational interests.

5. Students may write
   a. Summary of Living and Learning Through Movies
   b. Summary of Living and Listening Through Records

6. Students should discuss
   a. Necessity of work
   b. Positive views of vocations
   c. Effect of money on work and leisure time
   d. Productive use of leisure time.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Anderson, Dave, Football Injuries Upset the Odds, in What's Happening, ed. by Marvin L. Greene, Glenview, Illinois, Scott, Foresman and Company, 1969

Armour, Richard, Money, in Voices, ed. by Geoffrey Summerfield, Chicago, Rand McNally & Company, 1969

Benchley, Nathaniel, A Firm Word or Two, in Moments of Decision, ed. by Helen F. Olson, New York, Scholastic Book Service, 1961

Chayefsky, Paddy, "Printer's Measure, "Scholastic Scope, Jan. 29, 1973, pp. 8-22

Dooley, Thomas A., Operation Cockroach, in Moments of Decision, ed. by Helen F. Olson, New York, Scholastic Book Services, 1961

Fadiman, Clifton, Fadiman's Law of Optimum Improvement, in Currents in Nonfiction, ed. by Jarvis E. Bush, New York, The Macmillan Company, 1968

Halacy, D. S. Jr., The Robots Are Here!, in Currents in Nonfiction, ed. by Jarvis E. Bush, New York, The Macmillan Company, 1968

Hughes, Florida Road Workers, in Voices, ed. by Geoffrey Summerfield, Chicago, Rand McNally & Company, 1969

Libby, William, Dying...It's a Living, in What's Happening, ed. by Marvin L. Greene, Glenview, ILlinois, Scott, Foresman and Company, 1969

Maxwell, William, What Every Boy Should Know, in The Loners, ed. by L. M. Schulman, New York, The Macmillan Company, 1970

Nolen, William, M.D., "The First Appendectomy," Read, XXII, Jan. 19, 1973, pp. 18-21

Parker, Dorothy, The Standard of Living, in Short Stories, ed. by Edwin H. Sauer and Howard Mumford Jones, New York, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc., 1963

Sandburg, Carl, Extract from "The People, Yes", in Voices, ed. by Geoffrey Summerfield, Chicago, Rand McNally & Company, 1969

Thaler, Susan, Rosaria, in What's Happening, ed. by Marvin L. Greene, Glenview, Illinois, Scott, Foresman and Company, 1969

Westerby, Robert, Money on Morgan, in What's Happening, ed. by Marvin L. Greene, Glenview, Illinois, Scott, Foresman and Company, 1969

"The Wide World of Work," Minneapolis Tribune, December 5, 1971, p. 39A

Yarbrough, Glenn, Rose, (record).

Zack, Marg, "Man's Work? Woman's Work? Not Now," Minneapolis Tribune January 28, 1973, pp. 1E, 4-5E

BY THE SWEAT OF YOUR BROW

Unit Evaluation

We spent nearly five weeks working with the students in developing a positive attitude toward work and also to develop the need to understand the importance of leisure time. Throughout the unit, a great deal of individual questions involving attitudes toward work were discussed in depth.

We found the students very eager and curious about the impact of work on their lives. They enjoyed the various types of literature that we have included and enjoyed the diverse attitudes the individuals reflected.

We designed the unit to offer the greatest amount of flexibility making it possible to individualize as much as possible. Since we feel that perhaps other teachers in other communities will use the unit, we have avoided specific discussion questions thereby giving others the opportunity to revise and refine the unit according to their needs and interests.

We have found the unit exciting and, we think, very meaningful for the students. We are more conviced than ever that the first step toward achieving an interest in any career must be to develop a positive attitude toward work and we feel this unit accomplishes that goal.

Larry Blegen
Mark Green

#9283

By the Sweat of Your Brow!

Assignment Sheet

All materials are available in Open Labs. All readings must be completed before the Small Group for which they are assigned.

For S.G. Cycle 1 -- Read

"The First Appendectomy" (handout)
"Printer's Measure" (handout)
"Rose" (handout)
"Money" (handout)
"Rosaria" (handout)

For S.G. Cycle 2 -- Read

"Operation Cockroach" (handout)
"A Firm Word or Two" (handout)
"Florida Road Workers" (handout)
"Dying . . . It's a Living" (handout)
"What Every Boy Should Know" (handout)

For S.G. Cycle 3 -- Read

"Fadiman's Law of Optimum Improvement" (handout)
"The Robots Are Here" (handout)
"The Standard of Living" (handout)
Extract from "The People, Yes" (handout)

For S.G. Cycle 4 -- Read

"Man's Work? Woman's Work? Not Now" (handout)
"The Wide World of Work" (handout)
"Money on Morgan" (handout)
"Football Injuries Upset the Odds" (handout)

#9284

THE FIRST APPENDECTOMY

by William Nolen, M.D.

The patient, or better, victim, of my first major surgical venture was a man I'll call Mr. Polansky. He was fat. He weighed 190 pounds and was 5 feet 8 inches tall. He spoke only broken English. He had had a sore abdomen with all the signs of appendicitis for 24 hours before he came to Bellevue Hospital.

Though I had yet to do anything that could be called an "operation," I had had what I thought was a fair amount of operating time. I'd watched the assistant residents work. I'd tied knots, cut sutures, and even made an occasional incision. Frankly, I didn't think that surgery was going to be too difficult. I figured I was ready, so when Mr. Polansky arrived, I greeted him like a long-lost friend. He was overwhelmed at the interest I showed in his case. It was just as well that he didn't realize my interest in him was so personal. He might have been frightened, and with good reason.

At any rate, I set some sort of record in preparing Mr. Polansky for surgery. He had arrived on the ward at four o'clock. By six I had examined him, checked his blood and urine, taken his chest X ray, and had make him ready for the operating room.

George Walters, the senior resident on call that night, was to "assist" me during the operation. George was older than the rest of us. He had had more experience than the other residents, and it took a lot to disturb him. As it turned out, this made him the ideal assistant for me.

It was ten o'clock when we wheeled Mr. Polansky into the operating room. I had reread the section on appendectomy in the Atlas of Operative Technique in our surgical library and had spent half an hour tying knots on the bedpost in my room. I was, I felt, ready.

I delivered Mr. Polansky to the operating room and started an intravenous going in his arm. Then I left him to the care of the anesthetist. I had ordered a sedative prior to surgery, so Mr. Polansky was drowsy. The anesthetist soon had him sleeping comfortably.

Once he was asleep, I scrubbed the enormous expanse of Mr. Polansky's abdomen for ten minutes. Then, while George placed the sterile drapes, I scrubbed my own hands for another five, mentally reviewing each step of the operation as I did so. Donning gown and gloves, I took my place on the right side of the operating-room table. The nurse handed me the scalpel. I was ready to begin.

Suddenly my entire attitude changed. A split second earlier I had been supremely confident. Now, with the knife finally in my hand, I stared down at Mr. Polansky's abdomen and for the life of me could not decide where to make the incision. The "landmarks" had disappeared. There was too much belly.

George waited a few seconds, then looked up at me and said, "Go ahead."

"What?" I asked.

"Make the incision," said George.

"Where?" I asked.

"Where??!!"

"Yes," I answered, "where?"

"Why, here, of course," said George and drew an imaginary line on the abdomen with his fingers.

I took the scalpel and followed where he had directed. I barely scratched Mr. Polansky.

"Press a little harder," George directed. I did. The blade went through the skin to a depth of perhaps 1/16 of an inch.

"Deeper," said George.

There are five layers of tissue in the abdominal wall: skin, fat, fascia (a tough membrane tissue), muscle, and peritoneum (the smooth, glistening, transparent inner lining of the abdomen). I cut down into the fat. Another 1/16 of an inch.

"Bill," said George, looking up at me, "this patient is big. There's at least 3 inches of fat to get through before we even reach the fascia. At the rate you're going, we won't be into the abdomen for another four hours. For God's sake, will you cut?"

I made up my mind not to be hesitant, I pressed down hard on the knife, and suddenly we were not only through the fat but through the fascia as well.

"Not that hard," George shouted, grabbing my right wrist with his left hand while with his other hand he plunged a gauge pack into the wound to stop the bleeding. "Start clamping," he told me.

The nurse handed us clamps, and we applied them to the numerous blood vessels I had so hastily opened. "All right," George said,""start tying."

I took the ligature material from the nurse and began to tie off the vessels. Or rather, I tried to tie off the vessels, because suddenly my knotting skill had melted away. The casual ease I had displayed on the bedpost was nowhere in sight. My fingers, greasy with fat, simply would not perform. My ties slipped off the vessels; the sutures snapped in my fingers. At one point I even managed to tie the end of my rubber glove into the wound. It was, to put it bluntly, a performance in fumbling that would have made Don Knotts blush.

Here I must give my first song of praise to George. His patience during the entire performance was nothing short of miraculous. The temptation to pick up the catgut and do the tying himself must have been strong. He could have tied off all the vessels in two minutes. It took me twenty.

Finally we were ready to proceed. "Now," George directed, "split the muscle. But gently, please."

I went back to my earlier caution. Fiber by fiber I spread the muscle that kept us from the inside of the abdomen. Each time I separated the fibers and withdrew my clamp, the fibers rolled together again. After five minutes I was no nearee the appendix than I had been at the start.

George could stand it no longer. But he didn't suggest I take a more aggressive approach, probably fearing I would stick the clamp into, or possibly through, the entire abdomen. Instead, he suggested that he help me by spreading the muscle in one direction while I spread it in the other. I made my usual timid attack on the muscle. In one fell swoop George spread the rest.

"Very well done," he complimented me. "Now let's get in."

We each took a clamp and picked up the tissue paper-thin peritoneum. After two or three hesitant attacks with the scalpel, I finally opened it. We were in the abdomen.

"Now," said George, "put your fingers in, feel the cecum (the portion of the bowel to which the appendix is attached), and bring it into the wound."

I stuck my right hand into the abdomen. I felt around -- but what was I feeling? I had no idea.

It had always looked so simple when the senior resident did it. Open the abdomen, reach inside, pull up the appendix. Nothing to it. But apparently there was.

Everything felt the same to me. The small intestine, the large intestine, the cecum -- how did one tell them apart without seeing them? I grabbed something and pulled it into the wound. Small intestine. No good. Put it back. I grabbed again. This time it was the sigmoid colon. Put it back. On my third try I had the small intestine again.

"The appendix must be in an abnormal position," I said to George. "I can't seem to find it."

"Mind if I try?" he asked.

"Not at all," I answered. "I wish you would.

Two of his fingers disappeared into the wound. Five seconds later they emerged, cecum between them, with the appendix flopping from it.

"Stuck down a little," he said kindly. "That's probably why you didn't feel it. It's a hot one," he added. "Let's get at it."

The nurse handed me the clamps, and one by one I applied them to the mesentery of the appendix -- the veil of tissue in which the blood vessels run. With George holding the veil between his fingers, I had no trouble. I tied the vessels without a single error. My confidence was coming back.

"Now," George directed, "put in your purse string." (The appendix sticks out from the cecum like a finger. In an appendectomy, the usual step is to tie off the appendix at its base and cut it off a little beyond the tie. Then the remaining stump is pushed into the cecum and kept there by tying the purse-string stitch. This was the stitch I was now going to sew.)

It went horribly. The wall of the cecum is not very thick -- perhaps 1/8 inch. The suture must be placed deeply enough in the wall so that it won't cut through when tied, but not so deep as to pass all the way through the wall. My sutures were either too superficial or too deep, but eventually I got the job done.

"All right," said George, "let's get the appendix out of here. Tie off the base."

I did.

"Now cut off the appendix."

At least in this, the definitive act of the operation, I would be decisive. I took the knife and with one quick slash cut through the appendix -- too close to the stitch.

"Oh, oh, watch it," said George. "That stitch is going to slip."

It did. The appendiceal stump lay there, open. I felt faint.

"Don't panic," said George. "We've still got the purse string. I'll push the stump in -- you pull up the stitch and tie. That will take care of it."

I picked up the two ends of the suture and put in the first stitch. George shoved the open stump into the cecum. It disappeared as I snugged my tie. Beautiful.

"Two more knots," said George. "Juts to be safe."

I tied the first knot and breathed a sigh of relief. The appendiceal stump remained out of sight. On the third knot -- for the sake of security -- I pulled a little tighter. The stitch broke; the open stump popped up; the cecum disappeared into the abdomen. I broke out in a cold sweat, and my knees started to crumple.

Even Geoprge momentarily lost his composure. "For Lord's sake, Bill," he said, grasping desperately for the bowel, "what did you have to do that for?" The low point of the operation had been reached.

By the time we had retrieved the cecum, Mr. Polansky's abdomen cavity had been contaiminated. My self-confidence was shattered. And still George let me continue. True, he all but held my hand as we retied and resutured, but the instruments were in my hand.

The closure was anticlimactic. Once I had the peritoneum sutured, things went reasonably smoothly. Two hours after we began, the operation was over. "Nice job," George said, doing his best to sound sincere.

"Thanks," I answered, lamely.

The scrub nurse laughed.

Mr. Polansky recovered, I am happy to report, though not without a long and complicated convalescence. His bowel refused to function normally for two weeks, and his abdomen swelled enormously. He was referred to at our nightly conferences as "Dr. Nolen's pregnant man." Each time the reference was made, it brought a shudder from me.

During his convalescence I spent every spare moment I could at Mr. Polansky's bedside. My feelings of guilt were overwhelming. If he had died, I think I would have given up surgery for good.

#9285

PRINTER'S MEASURE

a TV play

by Paddy Chayefsky

CHARACTERS

Narrator
Mr. Healy
Boss
Mr. Lundy
Mrs. Healy
Son
Daughter-in-Law
Neighbor (Mrs. Gallagher)
Boy's Mother
Boy's Sister
Linotypist
Mechanic

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

ACT ONE

Fade in: An old sign that says "Emperor Press."

NARRATOR: In 1939, I was 17 years old. And I went to work in a print shop.

(The camera moves into the shop. It is crowded, dark, and small. We see two hand presses and an automatic press.)

NARRATOR: I cleaned the presses, filled the fountains with ink and other things.

(We see the young apprentice sweeping the floor. The camera moves to an old desk. A man in his 50's sits, frowning at some bills.)

NARRATOR: My boss. The only other worker in the shop was the compositor. Mr. Healy. I'll never forget Mr. Healy as long as I live.

(We see a man in his 60's setting type by hand. His hands work so fast they form a blur. Then we see him feeding paper into a hand press.)

HEALY (to the boss): Hey!

BOSS (looks up): What?

HEALY: Why do you keep buying this rotten paper? It's wrapping paper.

BOSS: What's the matter now?

HEALY: Stop buying this wrapping paper. What are you, a grocery store or a printer? Aren't you ashamed to give your customers paper like this? (To the boy.) Hey! Come here! (The boy hurries over to Healy. Healy hands him a sheet of paper.) Feel that. It has no quality. When I get some time, I'll show you how to feel paper. (He moves off toward the automatic press.) This place is turning into a real dump. (He checks the printed matter coming off the press.) Hey, boy! (The boy goes over to him.) Boy, if you was my kid, I wouldn't let you near a print shop. It'll take you 20 years before you're even a half-good printer. By the time you're a printer, you could be 10 doctors. I got a boy, 38 years old. When he was 15, he wanted to quit school and work in the shop with me. I whacked him one across the head. (He pauses.) When I say printer, I mean printer. I don't mean these kids who come out of some school and call themselves compositors. (He picks up a book and opens it.) Look at this. There's no flow in the lines. Whoever set this just threw a handful of type together. A good compositor takes pride in his work. (He pauses.) Do you like this trade?

BOY: Yes, Mr. Healy.

HEALY: You'll never get that ink out from under your nails. You'll have dirty fingernails the rest of your life.

BOY: I like printing very much, Mr. Healy.

(The old man suddenly pats the boy on the shoulder. Then he quickly turns back to work. Fade out.

(Fade in: Inside the shop, looking toward the front door.)

NARRATOR: One morning, Mr. Healy came in with a package.

(Healy enters the shop. He goes to the rear and sets down a package.)

HEALY: Hey, boy! (The boy goes over. The old man unwraps the package. It is a leather-bound book. He opens it and holds it out toward the boy. The boy reaches for it.) Don't touch it. Just look at it.

BOY: It's beautiful, Mr. Healy.

HEALY: I set that book myself. I printed it and bound it. I bought the leather for the cover. You don't see books like that around. I etched that cover with a red-hot needle. There wasn't a machine in the whold process.

BOY: It's beautiful, Mr. Healy.

HEALY: Do you really mean it?

BOY: I really mean it.

HEALY (wraps up the book): I'll buy you a beer tonight before you go home.

(Fade out.

(Fade in: The wall clock in the shop. It says 9:00. The boy enters. Healy is already at work.)

BOY: Good morning, Mr. Healy.

(The old man says nothing. The boy goes toward the rear of the shop.)

HEALY (roaring): I quit! I'll finish this off, and then I quit.

(The boy looks at the boss. They both nod hello.)

HEALY (yelling): I won't work in no shop that got a linotype machine!

BOSS: Come on, John. Act your age.

(The two men are old friends. Neither stops working as they yell at each other from opposite ends of the shop.)

HEALY: I ain't working in no shop that got a linotype machine. I'm a printer. I ain't a stenographer. A linotype machine is nothing but a big typewriter. You'll be hiring girls to do your printing for you.

BOSS: Why should I send out $8,000 worth of linotype to Schmidt every year? I can set that stuff up right here.

HEALY: I ain't working here no more.

BOSS: John, we've been friends for 27 years, so I can tell you you're crazy. Every time I buy a new machine, you raise the roof. When I bought the automatic press, you threw a can of ink through the window. I need a linotype machine in this shop. You can't set everything by hand.

HEALY: Yeah?

BOSS: Yeah. You're still living in the Middle Ages. Tomorrow, we'll have a linotype machine. You just get used to the idea.

(Dissolve to: Inside a cafeteria. Mr. Healy and the boy carry trays of food over to a table. At the table is an old man, Mr. Lundy.)

HEALY (to Lundy): They're putting a linotype machine in my shop.

LUNDY: Is that right, John? Well, that's a bad bit.

HEALY: I don't know what the trade is coming to. There's nothing but machines. The days of the craftsman are gone forever.

LUNDY: That's not what I had in mind, John. I was thinking you might be out of a job soon.

HEALY: Don't be crazy.. I've been in that shop for 27 years. It would crumble to dust without me.

LUNDY: Oh, I've heard those words before. Didn't I say them myself? For isn't it just what happened to me? The boss put in a row of linotypes. Two weeks later, I was out looking for a job. I haven't been working for seven weeks, John.

HEALY: The boss is an old friend. He's been up to my house a hundred times.
LUNDY: And wasn't my last boss an old friend? He came to the house for dinner more often than he ate at home. Look at the facts in the face, John. When your boss gets a linotype machine, he won't need a compositor. He'll be rattling off printed matter like shelling peas.
HEALY (frowning): I'm not worried about my job. I can walk into any shop in the city and ask for $100. (Lundy nods sadly.) Is it seven weeks that you haven't worked?

(Dissolve to: The Healy family eating dinner at home. The camera moves from Mrs. Healy to the son, to the daughter-in-law, to Mr. Healy.)
HEALY: So I thought I'd try it out. I wanted to see if things was as bad as all that. I poked my head in half a dozen shops. No one needed a good compositor.
MRS. HEALY: It's a shame and a scandal. A man devotes his whole life to a trade. Then he's cast off at the age of 66 for a machine.
SON: He hasn't been canned yet, Ma. The boss is an old friend. He's been up to this house a hundred times. (He sees his father's angry look.) And if he cans you, so what? You're 66 years old, Dad. You have a good bit in the bank. Maybe it's time to enjoy the autumn of your years.
HEALY (angry): The autumn of my years?
DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: I sometimes wish I was 66. I'd sit in the park and think of ways to spend my pension.
HEALY: Oh, would you?
SON: You could go down to Florida with Ma. Play checkers with the old chaps down there. Take it easy and lie in the sun. You'll be out of that musty shop, Dad. What a place to work!
HEALY (stands and stares at his son): That's my trade! I'd crumble in into my coffin without my trade! (He goes off to his room. Fade out.)

ACT TWO

Fade In: A linotype machine. Then we see the linotypist at work. His fingers move quickly over the keyboard.
NARRATOR: So the linotype machine came into the shop. A linotypist was hired. And Mr. Healy declared war on them. First, he challenged the machine to a race.

(The camera moves back so we see the whole shop. The boy stands in the middle with his hand raised. His hand comes down, and the race is on. Close-up of linotype machine clicking away like mad. Close-up of Mr. Healy's hands moving in a blur. Close-up of linotypist's fingers moving over the keys. With a smile, he lifts his head. He has won easily.)
NARRATOR: Then he began thinking the machine had a personal grudge against him.

(Mr. Healy is picking up a sheet of paper from the floor. He bangs his head against part of the linotype machine. He looks around to see if anyone is watching. Then he gives the machine a kick.)
NARRATOR: Or else he would suddenly start coughing. He said the machine was filling the shop with lead fumes.

(Dissolve to: Inside the boy's home. His mother sits in an old chair. In the next chair, sits another woman, a neighbor. The boy's sister stands beside the mother. The boy stands by a window.)
NARRATOR: In June, my father died.
NEIGHBOR (leans toward the mother): Oh, he was a man of cheer. Wherever he went, he brought a spark of laughter. I've been weeping myself dry these last four days.

(The doorbell rings.)
MOTHER: Tom, go to the door.

(The boy starts down the hallway. Behind him, we hear the fading words of the neighbor.)

NEIGHBOR: It seems that all the good folks are dropping off these days. If there are so many heart attacks, why couldn't our landlord get one? He didn't give us a pound of steam this winter....

(The boys open the door. It is Mr. Healy.)

HEALY: Hello, boy.

BOY (surprised): Hello, Mr. Healy.

HEALY: I hope you don't mind. I brought a basket of fruit.

BOY: That's very nice of you, Mr. Healy. Really, that's very nice of you to pay your respects. Would you like to meet my mother and sister? (The old man comes in. The boy leads him into the living room.) Ma, this is Mr. Healy. He is the compositor at the shop. He's brought a basket of fruit.

(Mr. Healy offers his hand to the mother.)

MOTHER: Thank you very much, Mr. Healy.

BOY: That's my sister.

SISTER: How do you do, Mr. Healy.

(The old man nods.)

NEIGHBOR: He was a man of cheer, Mr. Healy.

HEALY: I'm sure he was.

NEIGHBOR: Wherever he went, he brought a spark of laughter. And what will his family do? He left behind only a little insurance. And that's been spent on the funeral.

MOTHER: Mrs. Gallagher --

NEIGHBOR: And the girl two years away from graduation.

MOTHER: Mrs. Gallagher, Mr. Healy has come to pay his respects. Not to take away the furniture.

NEIGHBOR: He was a man of cheer.

HEALY: I'm sure he was. (A silence falls over the group.) Well, I'll say good-bye. I just came to let you know you have a friend you might not have known about.

MOTHER: Thank you, Mr. Healy.

(The old man starts for the door. The boy follows. When they reach the door, the old man stops.)

HEALY (in a low voice): Do you need some money, boy?

BOY (in a low voice): I don't think so, Mr. Healy.

HEALY: Are you sad?

BOY: I haven't had time to be sad, Mr. Healy. Ten minutes after my old man died, my Uncle Frank was telling me I had to make a better living. My mother doesn't know a trade. And my sister is two years in college. My mother won't hear of her quitting. And somebody's got to pay the rent. We can't stay here. It's $47 a month here, gloomy as it is. I was thinking of hitting the boss for a raise. Do you think he'll give it to me?

HEALY: Sure he will. You're the best boy we ever had in the shop.

BOY: I was thinking of asking 75 cents an hour. That's only $30 a week. (The boy had been under a lot of strain. He begins to cry quietly.) He was a tough guy, my old man. He gave me a lot of hard times. But we used to get along good.

HEALY: You've got a lot of responsibility. But you'll make out. I'll talk to the boss first thing in the morning. And I'll teach you to set type. We'll stay an hour a day after work. You've got the feel for it, boy. You'll make a good printer some day.

(The gentle words only make the boy cry more. Mr. Healy puts an a arm around his shoulders.

(Dissolve to: The boy's mother, lying on the sofa. It is some hours later, and she is wearing a bathrobe. The boy is sitting in a chair.)

MOTHER: Tom, go to bed.
BOY: Are you going to sleep out here again, Ma?
MOTHER: Yes.
BOY: I've been thinking. I know you want Polly to finish college. But it's silly. (The mother makes a soft "shush," nodding toward a closed door.) Look, the best I can make is $30 a week and --
MOTHER: You better come over here, Tom.
(The boy walks over to his mother.)
BOY: Ma, be sensible. So what if she goes to college?
MOTHER: Don't talk so loud.
BOY (lowering his voice): I think she ought to get a job. If she can make another $30 a week, then we'd be all right. But this way, she don't earn nothing. And she has to buy all those books.
MOTHER: We can manage.
BOY: We can't manage.
MOTHER: She has a fine mind. It would be criminal to take her from her classes.
BOY: What does a girl have to go to college for? She's just going to get married. In 10 years, she won't remember one chemical from another. Physics! What is she going to do with physics?
MOTHER: Tom, sit down.
BOY: She's a good-looking girl. Why don't she get married?
MOTHER: Tom sit down. (The boy sits beside the sofa.) I know you feel bitter against your sister.
BOY: I don't feel bitter.
MOTHER: You do. You're going to have to work and save to put a sister through college. And you're only 17 years old. You'd like to be out kissing girls, instead of worrying like a grown man. Well, it will only be two years. You're like your father. All that you see in women is someone to cook your stew. Well, times have changed. Sometimes I look at your sister's notes. And I see these amazing diagrams and pictures. I never get over it. She's very good at this physics, Tom. She'll do something fine for mankind. I'm not going to argue about this, as I did with your father.
BOY: All right, all right.
MOTHER: Not all right, all right. When I was a girl, your father came to my father's house. He said: "I'm after a bride." He and my father went into the other room and talked it out. It was done that way when I was a girl. But the world is changing. If a woman's got a spark, it's her right to make a thing of herself. It's like your old friend at the shop. The machine is there, but he won't accept it. I'm not saying the machine is good or bad. But it's here. If we can't hold onto the old things, we must make peace with the new. Your sister had talent. You better make peace with that, Tom.
BOY: It's true, Ma. She's clever. You know I'm proud of her underneath.
MOTHER: I know, Tom. You're a solid boy and very wise for your years. Else I couldn't talk to you as I do.
BOY: But it's going to be hard, Ma. Maybe I could pick up a side job somewhere. It's going to be hard.
MOTHER: Don't I know that?
BOY (stands and smiles): I'll get you a blanket from your bedroom.
MOTHER: No, the talk has done me a lot of good. I don't think I'll mind sleeping in the old room again.
(Cut to: The linotype machine clacking away. The boy is putting a chunk of lead into the machine.)
BOY (to the linotypist): How much do you make a week, Joe?
LINOTYPIST: $100.
BOY: That's a lot of money. Mr. Healy only makes $85.

LINOTYPIST: I made as high as $150. I once worked for a couple of guys. They had four linotype machines. They were racking in $300 apiece every week.

BOY: It must be tough to get to be a linotyper.

LINOTYPIST: You just go to school for a year.

HEALY: Hey, boy!

BOY: Okay, Mr. Healy! (To linotypist.) What's the name of that school, Joe?

LINOTYPIST: American Linotyping School.

HEALY: Hey, boy! Did you hear me?

BOY: Yeah, okay, Mr. Healy.

HEALY (coming over to the linotypist): This is a very clever machine you have here. But it broke down yesterday, didn't it? It took two hours and $30 to fix it.

LINOTYPIST: Why are you always bothering me? Do I stick my head over your shoulder while you mess with that crummy hand type?

HEALY: Crummy hand type, is it?

LINOTYPIST(to the boy): This old loony, he drives me crazy. Put in some more lead, will you?

BOY (jumps back): Watch it! It's spurting!

HEALY (jumps back): Did you see that?

BOSS: What happened, John?

LINOTYPIST: Aah, it just spurted. It just stings a moment.

HEALY (holding out his hand): It sprayed me!

LINOTYPIST: I been sprayed a hundred times.

HEALY: Suppose it had gone into my eye! We'll all be blind before the year is out!

LINOTYPIST: You just got a couple of lead drops on your arm. Just wipe them off.

HEALY: Either this machine goes, or I go!

BOSS: All right, take it easy. Nothing happened. The pot spurted a little.

HEALY: Look at my arm. Covered with lead.

BOSS (roaring): John, cut it out! It's just lead! Wipe it off! And stay away from the linotyper. You're driving him crazy!

(Dissolve to: Inside the shop, looking toward the door. It is after lunch, and Healy enters. He doesn't look at anyone as he goes to the rear of the shop. As he hangs up his jacket, the boss goes over to him.)

BOSS: I'm sorry I lost my temper, John. But you can drive somebody crazy. (The old man doesn't look at him.) Come on, John. What do you say? I'll buy you some beer after work tonight.

(The old man moves back down the shop again. He joins the boy at the type cabinets. The old man begins to set type. The boy is putting away old type.)

HEALY (muttering): I want you to stay an hour after work tonight. I'll give you your first lesson in compositing. I'm going to make a printer out of you.

BOY (upset): I can't make it tonight, Mr. Healy.

HEALY: What's the matter?

BOY: I got an appointment. I'm filling out an application for school.

HEALY: What school?

BOY: A linotyping school.

HEALY: What are you talking about?

BOY (without looking up): Mr. Healy, I got a mother and sister to support. I spoke to the boss about it. He'll let me off an hour early every night. I can go to this school in the evenings.

HEALY: Hey, boy!

(The boy looks up. Suddenly, the old man hits him across the face. They stare at each other for a moment. Then they go back to work. Fade out.)

ACT THREE

Fade in: Healy's home, that night. His wife and son are listening to the radio. The daughter-in-law is in the kitchen. The doorbell rings. The son opens the door. The boy is standing there.

SON: Yes, sir?

BOY: I'd like to see Mr. Healy if he's in. I'm the boy that works at his shop.

SON: Oh. Well, come on in. Just a minute. (He goes to the old man's bedroom and knocks on the door. He opens the door. The old man is sitting in the dark. He looks up -- surprised.)

HEALY: What is it, George?

SON: There's a boy from your shop to see you.

HEALY: From my shop? Oh. Well, send him in.

SON: In here?

(The old man has turned away, a little nervous. The son nods to the boy, who comes into the room.)

HEALY: Hello, boy. Is something wrong?

BOY: I just came by because of the fight we had. I came to apologize if I said anything to hurt you.

HEALY (to his son, who is in the doorway): Close the door, George. (The son goes out and closes the door.) Well, sit down, boy.

BOY (sitting down): I'm sorry if I said anything to get you mad, Mr. Healy.

HEALY: Well, I had no right to smack you like that. I'm not your father.

BOY: I know how you feel about linotyping and things like that.

HEALY: Well, that's how I feel. But I can't expect all the world to shake my hand.

BOY: I don't want any bad feelings between us.

HEALY: Thank you, boy. (He pauses.) Did you go to that school?

BOY: Yes.

HEALY: Well, you've got a lot of responsibilities.

BOY: Mr. Healy, look at it this way. Suppose I stick around, learning the trade. Maybe when I'm 40, I could say I was a compositor. Then what? If I save some dough, maybe I could get my own little shop when I'm 50. Out in the sticks somewhere. Printing up wedding invitations. And where do I go from there? This way, bang! One year out of school, I'll make $50 or $60 a week. It sounds like all I'm interested in is money. But you got to be sensible about these things.

HEALY: Sure, boy.

BOY: I like printing. I get a real kick out of it.

HEALY: I never met a linotyper who liked his job. They sit all day, plunking keys. There's no craft to it. No pride.

BOY: Nowadays, I don't know you have to be so proud. I mean, what's wrong with linotyping? If they didn't have linotype machines, how would they print all the books they do?

HEALY: Are there so many good books around?

BOY: How are you going to set up daily newspapers? You can't do it all by hand any more.

HEALY: Are the people any wiser than they were 100 years ago? Are they happier? This is the great American disease, boy! This passion for machines. Everybody wants labor-saving devices. What's wrong with labor? We've gone mad with this chase for comfort. They sit a row of printers down in a line. The machines clack, and the stuff comes out. There's no joy in that kind of life.

BOY (looking at his feet): Well, I don't agree with you, Mr. Healy.

HEALY: It's hard to want to be poor when you're 17.

BOY: The world changes. The old things go, and we must make peace with the new. That's how I feel. But we don't have to be enemies.

HEALY: You're a good kid.

BOY (stands): I better get home. I'll see you tomorrow in the shop.

HEALY: I'll see you tomorrow.

BOY (goes to the door, then turns): I'll buy some beer after work tomorrow. (He leaves.)

(Dissolve to: Inside the shop, an hour later. The shop is dark. Healy enters and turns on a light. He goes to the rear and comes back with a sledgehammer. He begins smashing the linotype machine. Again and again, the sledgehammer comes down on the machine. Finally, he is too tired to smash it any more.

(Dissolve to: The smashed up linotype machine, the next morning. A mechanic is looking it over. The boss stands nearby.)

MECHANIC: It'll cost at least $400. Probably take a week to get it fixed.

BOSS: Okay, tell them to take it out and fix it right away. (The boss truns to the rear of the shop, where Healy stands.) Well, John, what are we going to do?

HEALY: Send me the bill. (To the linotypist.) I'm sorry, mister. It was a foolish thing to do.

LINOTYPIST: Well, I'm glad it was the machine and not me.

HEALY (to the boss): I'll be going then. I got a good bit in the bank. I thought I might take my old lady down to Florida. More or less enjoy the autumn of my years. See if I can get this ink out from under my nails. Just send me the bill, and I'll mail you a check.

BOSS: Where are you going?

HEALY: I'm retiring.

BOSS: Yeah, sure. Come on. Go to work.

HEALY: Look here, mister. I'm 66, and if I feel like retiring, I will. I'll finish out the day's work just to help you out. But I'm tired of this dark, little shop. Why don't you clean up the place once in a while It's getting to be a real dump. (He begins to work. The boy works beside him, smiling. The camera backs out of the shop. It moves across the window to the sign "Emperor Press." Fade out.)

#9286

R O S E

I married Rose in '21
We got a little farm
The first year out the barn burned down
And I broke my good right arm
From then on in, things got bad --
I guess they could have been worse
But seeing Rose in rags all day
Just made me want to curse.

That's ok, Rose would say,
Don't you worry none
We'll have good times by and by
Next fall when the work's all done.

I watched her hands grow rough and red
From picking in the fields
And puttin' up in Mason jars
What little crops they'd yield.
I'd find what jobs there were in town
Most times there were none
But Rose would still have supper waiting
At night when the work was done.

That's ok, Rose would say,
Don't you worry none
We'll have good times by and by
Next fall when the work's all done.

Our first-born had a face like Rose
And, I guess, a temper like mine
She'd sleep all day, and cry all night
But she grew up and married fine.
Our only son went off to fight
In nineteen forty and four
A year went by and a telegram said
He ain't comin' home no more.

One winter night -- Rose took a terrible chill
She went to sleep and didn't wake up
And I guess she's sleeping still
But sometimes when the winds-a-singing
High in the chinaberry tree
It seems it's not the wind at all
But Rose a-singing to me.

That's ok, Rose would say,
Don't you worry none
We'll have good times by and by
Next fall when the work's all done.

A Glenn Yarborough recording

#9287

MONEY

By Richard Armour

Workers earn it,
Spendthrifts burn it,
Bankers lend it,
Women spend it,
Forgers fake it,
Taxes take it,
Dying leave it,
Heirs receive it,
Thrifty save it,
Misers crave it,
Robbers seize it,
Rich increase it,
Gamblers lose it . . .
I could use it.

ROSARIA

By Susan Thaler

Rosaria was different. Her brother Carlo sensed the difference. But because he could not understand it, it made him angry.

"You think you are not like the rest of us," he would say. "You think you are something better. Well, you are no different from me or from anyone else on this block, and the sooner you realize it, the better off you will be!"

That's what Carlo would shout at her day after day when she ignored him and the gang he hung around with. But his words could never touch her. They could not reach inside to that part that made Rosaria Mendez feel she was different.

It was in the way she walked, even now on her way home from high school, the way she held herself apart from the chattering groups of students crowding on the sidewalk all around her.

"Hey, Rosaria, wait up!" Ruby Gomez waved at her through the crowd.

"Hi, Ruby."

"Hi! Listen, have I got news! Friday will be my last day in this dump," she said, pointing toward the gray stone building that was Adams High. "I've had it. I told Rogers this morning, and it's all set. How do you like that, hey?" She poked her friend in the ribs.

Rosaria studied the smiling face, showing teeth that were already yellowed by the stain of nicotine. "If that is what you really want, Ruby, I'm glad."

Ruby looked surprised. "'If that is what you really want,' she says! Ayyy! For months I have talked about nothing else, about what a waste of time to sit day after day in a classroom listening to some old bag yapping away about things that happened before I was even born. . . ."

Rosaria smiled. She couldn't argue with Ruby. Miss Taylor, the history teacher, really was a terrible bore.

"Anyway," Ruby said, "starting next week I'll be able to earn money, my own money, to spend as I please!" She smiled dreamily. "No more asking that father of mine for money, only to be told 'There is no money!' Now I'll be able to buy my own dresses, silver dresses, Rosaria, the kind that shine in the dark, the kind boys go crazy for, eh!"

Rosaria asked, "What sort of work will you do?"

Ruby shrugged. "Filing, typing, you know. My sister said she would get me a job in her office. They can always use clerks. What about you, Rosaria? When are you going to begin earning your keep?"

Rosaria felt her face grow warm. That was a question she had asked herself many, many times in the last year. Each day in every class there were those who dropped out. And they all did it for the same reason -- to stop wasting time, to begin making money. What good was learning how to solve a math problem when at home there was not enough food for the table, when brothers and sisters ran through the streets barefoot because there was no money for shoes?

But then, she thought, it was different with the others. Their fathers had no money because they were too lazy to work, or because they drank too much, or because they were not trained to do anything. It was not that way with her papa. He was a skilled laborer, a fine layer of brick and stone. In Puerto Rico he had a good reputation, and he was always working. It was not his fault there was so much red tape involved in joining the union that he had been forced to take low-paying jobs.

"I could find you a job at my sister's office," Ruby was saying. "Imagine, Rosaria, every week you come home with sixty, seventy dollars."

Rosaria hugged her books tighter. "I haven't made up my mind yet, Ruby. But if I need your help, I will call you."

As she made her way through streets that grew narrower and dirtier -- streets littered with the garbage of too many people lumped together in too little space -- Rosaria played the game she had played so often. She pretended she was a girl who had lots of money -- thousands and thousands of dollars. She wore beautiful, expensive clothes and attended a fine private school. Every day she met interesting, exciting people who all admired her.

Now she pretended that she was in this neighborhood because she wanted to help some of the people who lived here. . . .

"Hey, Rosaria! You goin' someplace special?"

Rosaria stopped, startled out of her game. Trust Carlo to break in on her dreams. He stood in the little alleyway next to their house, a threatening smile on his face.

"Where I go is none of your business, my brother," she told him.

"Oooooo, none of my business! It is none of my business where my own sister goes! Little Rosaria, you are my sister -- or have you forgotten? My own flesh and blood." He held up his arm for her to see. "My blood and yours, the same, you know?"

Rosaria's voice was tight when she spoke. "I have told you again and again, Carlo. Though our blood is the same, we are as different as day and night."

Carlo's anger rose in his own black eyes, and he stepped forward to block her path. "And I suppose you are day and I am night, eh? You are white and I am black, that is what you like to think, isn't it?"

"That is not what I mean, and you know it," Rosaria said. "What I mean is something you cannot see, something inside that you could never understand."

"I understand!" he raged. "I understand that you are Puerto Rican and that you are ashamed of it, and that is why you will have nothing to do with me or my friends."

"Enough, Carlo! Let me alone."

"Ahhhhh. . . ." Carlo stepped aside, giving his sister a push. "Go on, get out of my sight."

Rosaria walked quickly away and started up the steps into the old brownstone building. The hall reeked with the smells of garbage and garlic and mice. As she wound her way up the creaking stairs, voices came from apartment after apartment, high-pitched voices babbling in Spanish and stammering in English. The cries of babies mingled in the background.

Voices coming from her own apartment stopped her from going inside.

"You call that a job?" her mother's voice screamed in Spanish, shrill and tense. "What kind of job is that for a man with a wife and children to support?"

Her father had a new job! Last week he had come home tired and angry after telling that terrible man where to get off - that man who said Papa was not working hard enough. Not hard enough! Standing in the icy cold for eight hours digging ditches, bending over so long he could hardly stand straight. Was that not hard enough? So Papa had told the man that he was doing his best. And if that was not good enough, then the man could get someone else to kill himself.

Rosaria pushed open the door. Her father's good-natured face broke into a wide, welcoming grin. "Ah, Mama, look who's home!" he said.

Maria Mendez nodded to Rosaria. The ironing board was piled high with other people's laundry waiting to be pressed. Mama was behind in her work today. She would stay up late to catch up.

"Hello, Mama," Rosaria said. "Papa! You have a new job!"

"It is not much, but it is a job!" he said.

"Huh!" Maria Mendez snorted. "Not much indeed. Tell her, Pedro, tell her where you work now and how much money you will bring home."

Rosaria pulled up a chair. "Go on, Papa, tell me."

Pedro gestrueed in the air. "Ah, you know how it is, I am walking along on Fifty-seventy Street. Well, I pass by this flower shop, you know, beautiful flowers, all fixed up in big bunches, not little dried-up weeds like in Tino's around the corner."

Rosaria nodded.

"Well, there is a sign in the window: 'Boy Wanted.' I thought, Hmmmmm, Pedro Mendez, you are not so old that you would not still be considered a boy."

Rosaria giggled. "Yes, go on, Papa, so you went in and you said you . . ."

Pedro Mendez held up his hand. "Wait, it is my story. So I went inside, and it is all green-smelling inside, like a meadow in the country, and all over beautiful flowers, yellow ones, pink, red, purple. And a man comes over to me and he says,'Yes, sir, may I help you?' And I answer, 'Yes, sir, you may help me. You may help me to get a job.'"

The door of the apartment burst open, and nine-year-old Minita ran up to Rosaria with little Carmen trailing behind.

"Rosaria, Rosaria, tell them I have to have it, tell them!" begged Minita.

"Papa is talking," Rosaria said, smoothing the tangled hair on her little sister's forehead. "Can't it wait?"

"No!" Minita stamped her foot. "They will not listen to me, Rosaria, and all my friends are going, please."

"What is it? What is bothering you, baby?"

Mama marched to the sink. "She wants fifty cents for the school trip. Her class is going to the museum, and she must have fifty cents by tomorrow or else she cannot go. I told her we cannot give her fifty cents for such a thing. I told her, but she did not hear me." She glared at the little girl, who burst into tears.

Rosaria kissed the thin, dirt-streaked cheeks. "Shhhhh," she comforted. "Somehow we will get you the money, and if we cannot, I will take you to the museum myself." She turned to her father. "Go on, Papa, finish about your job."

Pedro Mendez watched his little child weeping. He put his head into the palms of his hands and was silent.

"Papa," Rosaria begged, "I am waiting to hear."

Her father lifted his head and began to speak, but he no longer seemed interested in his own story. "So I plead with the man to let me have the job, and finally he says, 'Yes, all right, I'll give you a chance. You make sure to be here at nine o'clock every morning to clean the floor and water the plants and empty the garbage.' And I say, 'Oh thank you, sir, thank you so very much.' And for this I get paid sixty dollars a week. Sixty dollars . . ."

Later that night Rosaria could not sleep. In the tiny room that she shared with Minita and Carmen, the lamp burned dimly. From the foot to the head of her narrow bed, she had long ago strung a clothesline. On it hung a sheet. It was the only privacy she had.

"My poor Minita," she said half-aloud. "Perhaps I can go without lunch milk for a few days. But no, she needs the money tomorrow morning, and all I have left is twenty cents. Dear God, where is the justice, that a good man like my father cannot work at his trade because of some silly union rules?"

This was not the way they had thought it would be in New York. Back in Puerto Rico, Papa had heard that a lot of money could be earned in New

York, especially if one was skilled in a trade. Did it not make sense, therfore, to pack up and leave, especially since there was just enough money for all the family to go with him to New York?

But Papa had been wrong. It was not so easy to make money in New York. It was especially difficult for a Puerto Rican who could not read or write English. It was not so easy when hundreds, thousands of people were trying for the same job.

"Oh, a bricklayer are you, Mr. Mendez? Well, then, you will have to join the union. . . ."

"Yes, we know it has been six months since you filed your application, but these things take time. . . ."

"Mendez! You must never accept a non-union job! Don't you know you'll never get into the union if you do that?"

These were the things her poor papa was always being told. So for two years he had been ruining his health and his pride by taking any job he could find that would bring in a few dollars. Tonight he had left the apartment after dinner, the way he often did lately, and he wouldn't return until long after everyone else had gone to bed.

She listened as her father's steps came past her room. He stopped in the doorway.

"You still do not sleep, my Rosaria?" he said. His voice was tired.

She smiled. "I'll go to sleep now that you are home. I am happy about your new job, Papacito," she whispered.

Pedro Mendez looked down at his eldest daughter. "Well, you know, it will only be until the union calls me. They promised any day now. Then we will be on our way, yes?" He kissed Rosaria lightly on the cheek. "You go to sleep now."

"All right, Papa," she said, and she switched off the lamp. In the darkness she heard her father walk to her sister's bed, heard the sound of coins placed on the little bedside table. Somehow -- someway -- he had gotten the money for Minita's trip to the museum.

#9289

Would you trade a pleasant ocean cruise for . . .

"OPERATION COCKROACH"

By Thomas A. Dooley

In 1954 young Dr. Tom Dooley, inspired by the example of Dr. Albert Schweitzer, decided to devote his life to the sick and the poor "in those primitive lands of the South Pacific beyond modern medicine." First as a young Navy doctor, he built hospitals and trained "local doctors" (a mission which the Navy designed "Operation Coackroach"), and later as a civilian continued this work until his death in 1961.

Captain Amberson tossed a sheaf of notes and sketches at me. "Dooley," he said, "your job will be to build refugee camps. Look at these -- they'll give you the general idea."

Dr. Julius Amberson was head of the Preventive Medicine Unit in Haiphong; I was a Naval medical officer, J.G. attached to his unit. This was the year 1954. The French defeat at Dien Bien Phu had passed into history and that Red victory had been nailed down at Geneva in a peace treaty that split Vietnam in half: the north for the Communist, the south for the non-Communists. According to the terms of the treaty, any non-Communist caught in the north was entitled to migrate to the south if that was his wish. The surprise was that hundreds of thousands of people were willing to give up everything they held dear -- their country, their homes, their friends and their livelihood -- for the simple privilege of living in freedom. On their way to the Free World, most of these despairing refugees had to pass through Haiphong. Our directive read that we were "to provide humanitarian and medical attention." That meant refugee camps.

"Get going and don't bother me about details," Captain Amberson concluded.

Captain Amberson was one of the reasons why I had chosen the Navy for my career. He was a great leader. He knew how to delegate authority. You don't talk back to that type of man. "Aye, aye, sir," I said. But I could not conceal from myself the fact that at the moment I didn't know the difference between a refugee camp and a playground for girls.

That night I couldn't sleep. I lay sweating on my bed in that hot, smelly, dying city of Haiphong trying not to be afraid. In college and medical school I had taken courses in everything from Aristotle to zoology. But unfortunately a course in "refugee camp building" had not been included in my education.

I was billeted in the Continental, one of Haiphong's two hotels. We did not have American-type plumbing or running water. We did have the largest cockroaches and rats I have ever seen. When you stepped toward those cockroaches, instead of running away they ran to you. The rats were large enough to saddle and they loved to fight.

There was a small dance hall in the first of the Continental's two floors. I had been in Haiphong only a few days, but already I knew every song in the repertoire. I could tell the time just by listening. When "Blues in the Night" started, it was nine-thirty. At ten it was "Tea for Two." At eleven-thirty, "Don't Stay Away Too Long." The shop always closed with a stirring performance of the "Marseillaise."

Now they were playing "Don't Stay Away Too Long." It was eleven-thirty. A mosquito had stowed away inside my net and was contributing its two cents' worth of whine to the official music. I slapped at the thing but it got away. I asked myself a question that has haunted so many other young Americans caught in faraway places: "What am I doing here?"

In a sense I was on this mission behind the Bamboo Curtain because I had asked for it. I had volunteered for the job. I could have quit; I could have gone back aboard a nice, clean ship. I might even have gone home. . . . That night in my discouraged mood I cursed myself for a fool.

For as long as I could remember, I had wanted to be a doctor. Now, at twenty-eight, I was an M.D., although a very green one. Anyway, I consoled myself, you are one young doctor who is not going to lack patients. From what I had already seen of Haiphong, I was going to crowd more practice in malaria, yaws, beriberi, smallpox, leprosy and cholera into a few months than most doctors see in a lifetime. And even though I was only a fledgling surgeon, I knew that I was going to be called on to do operations that textbooks never mention. I thought of the atrocity stories I had heard. What do you do for children who have had chopsticks driven into their inner ears? What do you do for old women whose collarbones have been shattered by rifle butts? How do you treat an old priest who has had nails driven into his skull to make a mockery of the Crown of Thorns?

But at the moment what was worrying me most was that refugee camp. Never before had I been forced to accept real responsibility. Now I had been told to build a tent city big enough to hold a shifting population of between ten thousand and fifteen thousand people. And on my own, I had sworn to myself that if I did nothing else, I was going to teach at least some of those refugees to understand and trust Americans. Communist propaganda had made those refugees fear and distrust everything that was made in America. I would have to talk to those men, women and children across a barrier of suspicion and terror. It wasn't going to be an easy job.

No wonder I couldn't sleep; no wonder I tossed back and forth until dawn on my sweaty bed. Then, suddenly, I thought of Albert Schweitzer. Ever since I first went to medical school his work had been one of the great inspirations of my life. A world-famous organist, Dr. Schweitzer had left a brilliant concert career and an easy life to study medicine so that he could go to Africa and found a jungle hospital where the poorest of the poor could be cured of their ills.

Albert Schweitzer believes that men of medicine have a special mission: they must go forth amongst the "have-nots" in far-off lands and do what has to be done, in the name of God and Man.

In my wallet was a letter Dr. Schweitzer had written to me. I always kept it with me. Groping for my flashlight, I took the letter out of the wallet and read it again:

> "I do not know what your destiny will ever be, but this I so know . . . You will always have happiness if you seek and find: How to serve."

Instinctively I began to say the Our Father as I had every day since a child: "And deliver us from evil." At that moment I sensed, however dimly, the purpose behind my being in Indochina.

I put the flashlight back in its place under my pillow, tucked the mosquito net in tightly -- and went to sleep.

#9290

A boy's decision to quit school -- to ship out on a freighter -- could possibly have been changed by . . .

A FIRM WORD OR TWO

By Nathaniel Benchley

Stewart Fleming put on his topcoat, tossed his hat onto the hall table, and looked at his watch. "Ten minutes to eight!" he called.

"I'll be right there," his wife, Dorothy, answered from the back of the apartment. "I'm just finishing my face."

Fleming went into the living room and dropped into a chair. He knew it should take no more than half an hour to get to the theatre, and the curtain was at eight-thirty, so there still was plenty of time. Nevertheless, he hated being late and he hated to rush, and for that reason, when he and Dorothy went to the theatre, they always had their dinner afterward.

There was a thud, followed by a scraping noise, outside the front door, and then the door opened and Donald, the Flemings' eighteen-year-old son, came in, dragging a monstrous suitcase behind him. He was tall and muscular, and his shirt collar was open and his necktie pulled down. His coat flapped loosely about him. In spite of his general state of disarray, he looked clean and powerful, like an athlete muffled in towels and blankets.

"Well, hello!" Fleming exclaimed, with pleasure. "We didn't expect you until tomorrow!"

They shook hands, and Donald smiled and said, "They changed the exam schedule. My last one was this morning, instead of this afternoon."

"How were they?"

"Not too tough."

Fleming smiled reminiscently. "I can still remember my freshman midyears. I was scared senseless."

"These were't too bad." Donald casually shook a cigarette out of a pack, offered it to his father, and, when Fleming refused, put it in his own mouth.

"How are things?" Fleming asked. "Everything all right?"

"Yes, I guess so." Donald glanced around the room. "Where's Mother?"

"She's dressing. She'll be right out."

"I gather you two are going out for a do, or something."

"We're going to the theatre. As I said, we didn't expect you back until tomorrow. By the way, if you'd like to take my ticket, I'll be glad to --"

"Oh, no. Don't be silly." Donald walked around the room, looking at the bookshelves as though he had never seen them before. "Are you going out afterward?" he asked.

"Just to have some dinner. Why?"

"Nothing. I'd like to talk to you sometime, but it can wait."

"What about? What's on your mind?"

"Nothing special," Donald said. "There isn't time for it now."

"What's the matter? Are you in any trouble?"

"No, of course not. It's not any trouble."

"Well, you might as well tell me now as later. What is it?"

"Let's let it pass, shall we? I'm sorry I brought it up."

Dorothy's footsteps sounded down the hall, and she came into the room and gave a shriek, and ran to Donald and kissed him. "Look at you!" she said. "Where did you come from?"

"Down the road a piece," Donald replied, laughing. "People with two heads were allowed to cut all their exams."

"I think this is perfectly marvelous! Do you want to come along, and see if we can get an extra seat for you?"

"No, thanks. I think I'll stay here and throw together some chow. I'll see you when you come back."

"He has something he wants to tell us," Fleming said. "But he doesn't think we ought to hear about it until later."

"What is it?" Dorothy asked, suddenly serious. "Are you all right?"

"Sure I'm all right. I'm fine. This is just an idea I had, that's all."

"Well, if it's just an idea, it certainly can't hurt us to know about it now," said Fleming. "Maybe we'll need some time to think about it."

"Yes, please tell us," said Dorothy. "Then we have to go, or we'll be late." She held her coat out to Fleming, and he helped her into it.

"Maybe you're right, at that," said Donald. "Well . . ." He hesitated, and then, in as offhand a manner as he could, he said, "It's just that I thought I might take a year off."

Fleming stared at him. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Just that. Not go back next semester."

"Have you been thrown out?"

"No, no." Donald smiled, and started to push them toward the door. "It's just that I thought I might do better to take the money you'd spend on college and go around the world for a year, or something. We can talk about it later."

"What in the world gives you the idea that --" Fleming began, but Dorothy took his arm and pulled him to the door.

"Come on, dear," she said. "We'll be late. We can talk about this later."

"That's right, Mother," said Donald, laughing. "You simmer him down, and I'll wait for you here."

"Simmer who down?" said Fleming, holding back.

"Stewart!" said Dorothy. "Come on!"

Fleming reached for his [illegible] and slammed it on his head. He and Dorothy went out, and Donald said, "Have a good time," and closed the door behind them. Through the door they heard him whistling as he went to the kitchen to make his supper.

"It's the darndest thing I ever heard!" Fleming said after he had given the cab driver the address of the theatre. "What possibly makes him think he can take a year off?"

"I don't know," Dorothy replied. "We'll find out when we talk to him later."

"Well, I'm not going to let him do it," Fleming said. "He's out of his mind."

"I wouldn't just forbid him to do it. I think it would be better if you tried to reason with him."

"Of course I'll try to reason with him. But if reason fails, then I'm darned well going to forbid him."

She was quiet for a moment. "I'm not sure that would be a good idea," she said, at last.

"Why not? Have you a better idea?"

"No, but we haven't very many noes left, as far as he's concerned."

"What do you mean?"

"Just that. He's at the age when we can't say 'no' much more, and I don't think it would be good for our last 'no' to be based on money. I mean, we can stop him just by not giving him the money to do it, and I don't think our last 'no' should be on that basis."

"All right -- what do you suggest, then?"

"I don't know. But don't forbid him. Let him see for himself that it's not a good idea."

Fleming fidgeted and fumed throughout the play, and although the rest of the audience seemed to enjoy it, he could find nothing amusing or interesting in it. During the second-act intermission, he and Dorothy went out to the lobby and he said, "How about it? Do you want to go back for the last act?"

"Why, of course!" she said. "I'm having a wonderful time -- aren't you?"

"I just don't get it, that's all. I cannot understand it."

"There's nothing hard to understand about it. It's more or less taken straight from the novel, and this is --"

"I'm not talking about the play," Fleming cut in impatiently. "I'm talking about Donald. I cannot understand what would make him want to do a thing like that."

"Oh," she said. "Well, there's nothing we can do until we hear his side of it."

"There is no 'his side of it,'" Fleming said. "It's sheer lunacy, that's all."

"Listen to me," Dorothy said. "It may be lunacy, but you've got to hear him out. You've got to listen to him, or he'll never again respect a thing you say. You cannot forbid him to do things, as if he were still a child."

"He never has been forbidden to do things, as I remember it. You've always said we had to reason with him, no matter what it was."

"Stewart, I'm not going to argue with you any more!" she said sharply. "You're going to be ressonable about this. I'm going to take his side and tell him to go ahead."

Fleming started for the door. "That's great," he said. "That's just fine. Here you spend eighteen years saying we've got to stick together on these things -- saying we can never have any divided authority -- and now, when something important comes up, you offer to go over to his side."

"Just keep on talking," she said as she followed him out. "Keep on talking to me, and maybe you'll get it out of your system enough so that you can be civil to your son when we get home."

Neither Fleming nor Dorothey even considered going to a restaurant when the play was over. They got into a cab, and Fleming gave the driver their home address, dug his hands into his pockets and settled back in the seat. There was a long silence, and then Dorothy said, "Are you going to listen to his side of it?"

"Yes, I'll listen," Fleming replied.

"If you'll treat him as though he were a full, grown-up adult, then that's all I ask."

When they got home, Donald was sitting in the living room, listening to the phonograph. The volume was turned up high, and the room quivered with the beat of the music. Donald smiled and stood up as they came in. "Hi," he said. "How was it?"

Fleming said nothing, and Dorothy said, "I just loved it. I thought it was wonderful."

"Aren't you home a little early?" Donald asked. "I thought you were going on for dinner afterward."

Dorothy hesitated. "We thought we'd rather eat at home," she said. "What with its being your first night back, and everything."

"I didn't mean to louse up your evening," said Donald. "You didn't have to worry about me."

"You didn't louse up a thing," Dorothy replied gaily. "Come on -- let's all go in the kitchen while I cook something." She turned to Fleming, who was mixing himself a drink at the bar. "Would you make one for me, too?" she asked. "A long one, if you please." Fleming nodded, and Dorothy went into the kitchen, followed slowly by Donald.

When Fleming joined them, and he and Donald were seated at the kitchen table, Dorothy, who was melting butter in a pan, said, "Well, now -- let's hear some more about this idea of yours."

"Well, I'll tell you," Donald said slowly. "It just seemed to me that I wasn't getting any place in college, and --"

"You haven't had a chance," Fleming cut in. "It's only been four --"

"Stewart!" said Dorothy. "Let him finish."

"I don't know," Donald went on. "It just seemed that maybe if I got around a little, and saw some other things, it might give me some sort of direction -- I don't know -- a goal, or a point, or something. I just don't feel there's any point in what I'm doing."

"May I ask a question?" Fleming said, gently, to Dorothy. She nodded, and he turned to Donald and asked, "Did you intend to go back to college after this -- this year of looking around, or did you just intend to keep on until you found something?"

"Oh, sure, I think I'd go back," Donald replied. "At least I think now that I would. I guess it would all depend."

"And how did you intend to get back?" Fleming asked. "Just tell the college that you were ready to come in again?"

"Well, sure," Donald said. "Guy I heard of got thrown out last year, and they told him he could come back provided he got a job for a year. I figure it would amount to the same thing."

"I see. And do you know how many people failed to get into college last fall? Do you know how lucky you are to be there at all?"

"Stewart, that's not the point," said Dorothy. "The point is what he wants to accomplish if he takes a year off."

"I figure if they've let you in once, they'll let you in agian," Donald said. "Provided you tell them what you're planning to do, and all. Anyway, I've completed one semester, so I'd have those credits behind me, and --"

"Provided you've passed your exams, you'll have those credits behind you," Fleming interrupted.

"I got through, all right," Donald said. "Anyway, what I want to accomplish is just what I said -- I want to get a point of view, or a philosophy, or something, that'll give me a reason for being there. I don't want to go to college just to say that I've been to college. I want to go to college to get something out of it -- something good, and solid."

"And you don't feel you're getting that now?"

"No, sir. I don't."

"Do you mind telling us why? Do you have any specific reasons you can give us?"

Donald shrugged, and spread his hands. "It's just what I feel," he said. "I can't explain it any more than that."

Fleming looked at Dorothy. "Have you any suggestions?" he asked.

She looked blank, and Donald said, "Maybe this will explain it. The guys who come from California, they have a Californian point of view. The guys from the Middle West, a Midwestern point of view. I don't feel that I've got any point of view. If I could get out a little, and look around, I think I'd probably get the maturity I need to appreciate what's going on around me. Does that make aense?"

Fleming said to Dorothy. "Your witness."

"Yes, of course it makes sense," she said. "In a way, that is. But just how did you figure you'd go about taking this year off? What is it that you intend to do?"

"I don't know," Donald said. "Get a job, or something. Maybe be a cruise director, or even just a sailor. Go around the world. I can get work wherever I go."

"Enough work to support yourself?" Fleming asked. "I hate to point this out, but jobs aren't as easy to get as they once were."

"Well, that brings up the next point," Donald said. "I've been thinking about this for some time now, and it occurred to me -- as I said -- that if you give me what you'd spend for the year at college, then that would be enough to get started on, and I could make my own way from there. But just to be on the safe side, I wrote to Mr. Blackwood and asked him if there was a job I could get with his line."

"You wrote to Howard Blackwood?" Fleming said, shocked. "Did you tell him who you were?"

"Well, sure. I mean -- what with the name, and all, I figured he was bound to guess. There's no reason for it to be a secret, is there?"

"Did he answer you? What did he say?"

"He said they had all the cruise directors they needed but that I could come and talk to him after exams, and he'd see what else he could find for me. I mean, if I can get on a ship that's going some place in the Orient, or to the Mediterranean, then I can leave it wherever I want and pick up another job."

"There's a little matter of working papers, passports, and permits," said Fleming tartly. "And there are countries that wouldn't give you the time of day, much less a job."

"A guy from college got a job with one of the oil companies," Donald replied, as though that disposed of the whole problem. "They sent him all over the Middle East."

"Then maybe you'd better look for work in an oil company," said Fleming. "I don't think your steamship approach is going to get you anywhere."

"Maybe not," Donald said. "Do you know anybody in an oil company that I might write to?"

"No, I don't!" Fleming said. "And I think that if you're going to do this, it would be better to do it on your own, without using my name."

"I didn't mean to use your name," said Donald, with a trace of anger. "I just wanted to know whom to write to."

"Write to the Director of Personnel," said Fleming. "That's where you'll end up anyway, no matter whom you write to."

"Are you sure you've thought this all through?" Dorothy asked Donald. "Do you realize how hard it may be, and how badly you may be disappointed?"

"I don't care how hard it may be," said Donald. "That part of it doesn't worry me at all. I just want to get around."

"Even at the expense of a college education?" Fleming asked, forcing himself to sound mild.

"It won't be at the expense of a college education!" Donald said heatedly. "But even suppose I get a job with an oil company -- suppose I decide to stay with it the rest of my life -- what's the difference? A guy I heard of got thrown out sophomore year, and six months later he was making two hundred dollars a week."

"It seems to me you know a remarkably fortunate group of young men," said Fleming.

Dorothy ladled scrambled eggs onto two plates, gave one to Fleming, and took the other herself. "Well, this is nothing we have to decide right here and now," she said. "I think the thing to do is for Donald to see what he can find, and then we'll know better what the prospects are. Don't you agree?" She looked at Fleming and smiled.

"Yes," said Donald to his father. "It's all right with you if I talk to Mr. Blackwood, isn't it? I mean, you don't mind if I go and see him?"

Fleming shrugged. "You can do whatever you like," he said. Whatever you think is best."

The next day, from his office, Fleming called Blackwood. When Blackwood answered the phone, Fleming still hadn't decided just what he was going to say. They exchanged greetings, and then Fleming said, "Howard, I gather that my son and heir has been in touch with you about a possible job, or something."

"Yes," said Blackwood. "What's all this about, anyway? Is he in trouble in college?"

"Not that I can gather -- no. It's just that he wants to --" Fleming paused, wondering how to phrase it without sounding ridiculous. "It appears that what he wants is to see a little bit of the world before going on with his studies. It sounds crazy to me, but that's the way I understand it."

"And you don't want him to do it -- is that it?"

"Howard, I think it's an insane idea. But Dorothy is all against our forbidding him to do anything. She wants him to find out for himself how stupid it is. I don't know what's got into him -- all this business about getting a point of view, and a goal, and everything. We weren't worried about that kind of stuff when we were freshmen."

"No, but this group is different," Blackwood said. "I've seen a good many of them, and they've got a lot more on their minds than we had at the same age."

"Well, what do you think? Does it sound like a good idea?"

"Stu, I'm not going to run your son's life for him. If you think he ought to find out the hard way, I'll see what I can do for him. If you want me to turn him down, I can do that just as easily."

"That puts it right back in my lap, then."

"That's where you want it to be, isn't it?"

Fleming hesitated, and took a deep breath. "All right," he said. "Turn him down. But don't tell him that I told you to. Or that I even talked to you."

"Obviously not."

"O.K., then, Howard," Fleming said. "Thanks -- and I'm sorry to have put you to all this trouble."

Fleming hung up, feeling a mixture of relief and guilt. I hope that will take care of it, he thought. I hope that when this doesn't work out, he'll give up and go back to college.

That night, when Fleming got home from work, he found Donald in his old room, going through his desk and looking at old letters and papers, and whistling a brisk tune. He glanced up as Fleming came in. "Hi, Sport," he said.

"Hi," said Fleming amiably. "How goes it?"

"Great. Keeneroo."

"Did you see Mr. Blackwood?"

"Uh-huh," Donald skimmed one page of a letter, tore it up and dropped it in the wastebasket.

"What did he say?"

"He said there wasn't anything." Donald picked up another letter, opened it and chuckled.

There was a pause, and then Fleming said, "You seem to be kind of happy about it. Was it a relief to get it over with?"

Donald looked at him. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean -- well, I just mean it doesn't look as though you were too depressed about it, that's all."

"Oh, that." Donald tossed the letter onto the desk and picked up another. "No -- that didn't make any difference one way or the other. I got a lead onto something really hot."

"Oh? What kind of thing?"

"Well, it's not definite yet," Donald said, "so I'd rather not talk about it."

"I see." Fleming cleared his throat. "But it's the same general idea, I gather?"

Donald nodded, still reading. "More or less, yes," he said.

There was a silence. "Well," Fleming said, and hesitated. "We're always interested in -- I mean, any time you feel like telling us . . ." He let the sentence trail off.

Donald laughed. "Don't worry. You'll be first to hear."

"Good," said Fleming, and he cleared his throat again. "Good. That's nice to know." He tried to think of something else to say, but couldn't. Standing mute in the middle of the room, he suddenly felt ill at ease and slightly lost. "Well --" he said, and then turned and left, trying to look as though he had just remembered something he had to do.

The subject of Donald's plans was not mentioned during the next several days. Donald was busy with his friends -- so busy, in fact, that it looked as if he had forgotten his scheme. Fleming knew he had not forgotten, but he thought that perhaps it had fallen through, and that Donald was simply ignoring the whole thing to cover his disappointment. Let's hope that's what it is, anyway. Fleming thought. About all that anyone can do at this point is hope.

Then, late one afternoon, Donald came home beaming and rubbing his hands. "Well, it's all set," he announced as he strode into the living room, where Fleming and Dorothy were sitting. "I take off a week from tomorrow."

"Take off?" Fleming said, looking up from his paper. "Is this an airplane trip?"

"Just a figure of speech. No -- here's the deal. I've signed on a freighter that's going through the Canal and around to the West Coast."

In the ringing silence that followed, Donald looked first at his mother and then at Fleming. He smiled, and said, "You were right about that working-in-Europe deal. It's no good. So what I did was get in touch with a guy I know, who lined me up with a job in a logging camp in Oregon. The ship goes as far as San Pedro, and I get off there and work my way up the coast." He grinned.

"What kind of logging camp works in the winter?" Fleming asked quietly.

"Oh, the logging job doesn't start right away," Donald replied. "I'll have a couple of months to look around. I thought I might go to Hollywood and see if there's any action there, and then -- who knows? But at that point I'll have enough money so I won't have to worry."

"Oh?" said Fleming. "Where from?"

"Well, I'll have whatever I make on the ship, and then I figure that what's left over from college will come to fifteen hundred bucks -- so that, and whatever else I make, will be more than enough. For one thing, you cnn make twenty bucks a day as an extra in the movies."

"To narraw this down to just one point," Fleming said, "you will not have any fifteen hundred bucks left over from college. It probably hasn't occurred to you, but I am committed to paying a number of your college bills for the full year, whether you are there or not. The sum you call 'what's left over from college' will most likely be four or five hundred dollars. If you're lucky."

"Oh," said Donald. He thought for a moment. "Well -- that's O.K.," he said. "That won't make much difference. I can get along on five hundred, if I make enough on the side."

"As for your remark about extras in the movies," Fleming went on, "That's so idiotic I don't even bother to comment on it."

Donald laughed. "No," he said. "I didn't really mean working as an extra. I wouldn't do anything in the movies unless it was a regular part. Something with lines."

"For heaven's sake," Fleming said, and closed his eyes.

"Donald, darling, are you sure you've thought about this?" Dorothy asked, leaning forward. "Are you sure it's what you want to do?"

"Yes, Mother. I am -- I have -- it is." Donald smiled, and she sat back slowly.

"May I say I think you're crazy?" Fleming said.

"I don't. I think this is going to be the best thing I've ever done," said Donald.

Fleming took a deep breath. "All right, then," he said. "That would seem to settle it. I can't give you all the money right now, but I'll give you what I can, and send the rest later. I just hope you know what you're doing."

Donald laughed. "Don't worry about that," he said. "I do."

It was cold the day the ship sailed, and a light rain was falling. Dorothy said good-by to Donald in the living room, and then ran into the back of the apartment while Donald and Fleming went out and waited for the elevator. Donald was quiet, and Fleming could see that he was nervous, and even downcast, but that seemed natural in the circumstances, and Fleming didn't think much about it. He offered to help with the suitcase, but Donald wouldn't let him, so he just stood there and pretended not to be aware that anything was amiss.

Donald's depression became more and more evident on the taxi ride to Brooklyn, where his ship was docked. Finally, as the cab threaded its way along the wet, clutterd waterfront, he spoke. Without looking at Fleming, he said, "That logging job fell through."

"Oh?" said Fleming. "When did you find this out?"

"I got a letter yesterday. They seem to be cutting down, or something. Anyway, they said they had all the men they could use."

"What are you going to do?"

Donald shrugged. "This guy I know said there was a chance of something else."

"But there's nothing definite?"

Donald shook his head.

"Well," said Fleming, "if you need anything --" he stopped, and thought for a few moments, and then, trying to sound as casual as he could, he said, "You really don't have to go through with this, you know."

Donald said nothing, and the rest of the trip went by in silence.

The pier was cold and dark, and as they walked to the end where the freighter was berthed their footsteps had a hollow ring. The decks of the ship glistened with rain and oil, and there were long, tapering smears of rust beneath each porthole. The air was filled with clanking, grinding noises, punctuated by shouts and whistles and crashes, as the cargo was loaded. Donald stopped when they came to the narrow gangplank, and put his suitcase down. He and Fleming stared at the ship for a minute or two, and then Donald took out a cigarette and lighted it. He inhaled, and let the smoke come out slowly. "You really didn't want me to do this, did you?" he said.

Fleming looked at him in surprise. "Heck, no," he said. "Of course we didn't."

"Why didn't you say so?"

"Why didn't I say so? I thought it was obvious!"

There was a pause, and then Donald said, "Sometimes it's hard to tell, with all the talk that goes on."

"We were just trying to get you to make up your mind."

"Well, a firm word or two might have helped. Something definite, one way or the other."

"I'm sorry."

"That's all right."

"I suppose it's too late now?" Fleming said.

"It would look that way."

"Whatever you say. It's your decision."

"As usual," said Donald.

"What do you want me to do? Do you want me to forbid you to go? Right here and now, do you want me to take you by the arm and lead you back home?"

There was a long silence, and then Donald said, "I guess that would look kind of silly, wouldn't it?"

"If you want me to, I'll do it."

Donald flipped his cigarette into the water, held out his hand and smiled. "Thanks, anyway," he said. "If I change my mind, I'll let you know."

They shook hands, and then Donald picked up his suitcase and went down the wet, glistening gangplank and onto the ship. He didn't look back, and Fleming turned and walked, with his hands in his pockets, into the cold darkness of the pier.

#9291

Florida Road Workers

By Langston Hughes

I'm makin' a road
For the cars
To fly by on.
Makin' a road
Through the palmetto thicket
For light and civilization
To travel on.

Makin' a road
For the rich old white men
To sweep over in their big cars
And leave me standin' here.

Sure,
A road helps all of us!
White folks ride --
And I get to see 'em ride.
I ain't never seen nobody
Ride so fine before.
Hey buddy!
Look at me.
I'm making a road!

#9292

DYING... IT'S A LIVING

By William Libby

Sunday night Ron Rondell got a telephone call asking if he would be an Indian who gets killed on Monday. Ron said that was fine with him. Then he hung up, turned to his wife, and said, "Hey, honey, I'm working tomorrow!"

His wife said that was fine with her. She didn't even ask whether he was going to be an Indian who gets blown up or a pirate who gets a sword through his belly or a pilot who jumps out of a burning plane. Her husband was a stunt man in the movies, and dying was what he did for a living.

Early the next morning Rondell got into his truck and drove twenty miles to a ranch in a desert. There the movie "The Iron Horse" was being filmed. A make-up man painted Rondell's face so that he looked like an Indian. Then Ron went down to the sandy hill where he was going to be killed by a cannon shot.

Ron checked the hill carefully. If he was going to die, he wanted to do it right. He unloaded his truck and placed a trampoline at the bottom of the hill. He checked with the man who would shoot off the cannon and found out just when the shot would be fired. Then he waited until the scene was ready for filming.

Finally when it was time, Rondell picked up a rifle, went to the top of the hill, and joined some other Indians. The stunt boss gave the signal, and Ron and the Indians charged downhill firing their rifles. Ron reached the bottom of the hill and bounced into his trampoline. The cannon shot exploded, and Ron did a flip with a half-twist. He landed heels first on the ground and then lay flat on his back as if he were dead. (One day another stunt man had done the same trick. At the end of the scene when the other actors went to help him to his feet, they found he'd broken his neck.)

Someone yelled "Cut" and Ron got up, dusted himself off, and asked the director how the stunt looked.

"Fine," the man said. "We got it right in one take. Now go get a horse. In the next scene you ride in with another bunch of Indians, shooting at the settlers, and you get killed off again."

Ron nodded and went to get a horse. Soon he was riding with the other Indians who were all firing their rifles like mad. Suddenly his horse stumbled and fell. Ron was thrown to the ground, landing on his ankle and twisting it badly. When the action was over, he got up. No one noticed that he'd fallen too soon. In fact, everyone began praising him for the lifelike tumble.

"It was nothing," Ron said. He walked off, trying to hide his limp. Later he said, "I've seen guys with twisted shoulders and sprained ankles and bad cuts try to hide them and keep on working. You're sure to get hurt in this business, but you try not to let anyone know. No one gives work to an easily injured stunt man."

Ron Rondell is one of the best stunt men in Hollywood, earning $100, $200, and sometimes even $1000 for a trick. There are fewer than one hundred full-time stunt men in the movie industry. When John Wayne, Marlon Brando, or another famous actor gets into a fist fight or jumps off a speeding train, the odds are that a stunt man has taken over the acting.

"A few guys like Wayne or Steve McQueen maybe could do a lot of their own stunts," Rondell points out, "but they're too valuable to risk. Besides, even if they got only slightly hurt, they could hold up the filming and put a lot of people out of work. Stunt men aren't big names. We get to rub elbows with stars, but we ourselves are unknown. We get no screen credits. We're in the movies, but we're not movie stars."

There is no simple way to learn stunt work. "Veteran stunt men can teach you a lot," Rondell says. "They can show you how to take falls -- how to land, how to tumble and roll. You don't land on your head if you want to keep it in one piece. You don't land on the points of your elbows or your tailbone. You try to land as lightly as possible, curling up and rolling. It's like landing from a parachute jump. Landing on something soft helps a lot. Sometimes you can put pads under the dirt, but then you've got to hit the spot where the pads are."

It is important for a stunt man to know how to protect himself. A trampoline is basic equipment of a stunt man, and the oldest and best cushion for a fall is a pile of collapsible cardboard boxes.

A new item of stunt equipment is the "fire suit." It is a fire-resistant uniform which has built-in breathing gear like the kind scuba divers use. "It works pretty well," Rondell says, "although you can only stand about fifteen seconds of actually being on fire. You get pretty hot when you're inside, and you only have about five minutes of air in the breathing gear."

Rondell points out that one of the tricks of the business is to make the stunt look hard. "After we've done some stunts often enough, they get to be pretty easy. But when you take a fall in front of the cameras, it has to look like it really hurts."

For the most part, a stunt man learns his trade after a lot of hard, bruising work. Each time he does a stunt, he learns a little more about how to do it better and safer.

"The most work is setting up the stunt right," Rondell says. "It has to look right on film, and you have to do it without getting hurt."

Sometimes directors ask for stunts that are impossible to do. Rondell recalls that once he was asked to do a 17-foot pole vault. "That was a few years ago, when the world's record for the pole vault was less than 16 feet. I pointed out to the director that if I could do it, I'd be a champipn pole-vaulter and not a stunt man. It took me a while to convince him, but he finally agreed to film the scene in two separate takes -- one of me going up and one of me coming down."

Rondell tells of one stunt man who was asked to wrestle a 20-foot, 300-pound snake. The stunt man didn't know if he could do it, but he decided to try anyway. For three weeks the cameras filmed him wrestling the huge snake, but only five minutes of action was used in the finished movie. This stunt man is now an expert snake wrestler, but he's really not looking for more jobs with snakes.

Most stunt men say they have no fear. If they were afraid, they wouldn't be in the business they're in. But no matter how carefully the stunts are prepared, things can go wrong. In one movie Rondell and another stunt man were in a booth built on top of a 40-foot pole. The scene called for the pole to be set on fire, sway, and then fall slowly to the ground. Ron and his friend were supposed to jump out of the booth just before the pole hit the ground. But when the cameras began to roll and the pole was set on fire, it crashed suddenly to the ground. The stunt men had no time to jump out of the booth to safety.

"We stayed inside until the pole hit the ground," Rondell said. "We were badly shaken up, but unhurt. Frankly, we were just lucky. That was the closest I've come to getting killed."

Other stunt men have not been as lucky. Bill Williams was killed when a three-ton wagon overturned on him. Paul Mantz was killed when an old plane broke apart during a desert take-off scene. Bob Morgan lost a leg when he slipped between two railroad cars while shooting a scene for "How the West Was Won."

Usually stunt men are paid by the stunt. A jump from a high place brings about ten dollars a foot. If the jumper has to go through a window, it's worth more money. A fall off a horse will bring about $150. If the stunt man goes down with the horse, he can get $250. The price depends on the difficulty and the danger. A wagon roll is usually worth $500. Fire work pays very well. For his almost fatal fall in the booth on top of the pole, Rondell was paid his highest fee, $1000.

If a stunt man ruins a stunt and has to repeat it, he is paid only once. If someone else ruins the shot and the stunt man has to do it over two or three times, he is paid for each retake.

Rondell said, "When people used to watch a stunt man perform, they would say, 'What an idiot that guy must be!' Now when people see us in action, they say, 'He really did that beautifully.'

"And that's what we want. We're professionals, and we want to be respected as such."

After all there aren't many jobs in which you have to die once or twice every day.

WHAT EVERY BOY SHOULD KNOW

By William Maxwell

Shortly before his twelfth birthday, Edward Gellert's eyes were opened and he knew that he was naked. More subtle than any beast of the field, more rational than Adam, he did not hide himself from the presence of God or sew fig leaves together. The most he could hope for was to keep his father and mother, his teachers, people in general from knowing. He took elaborate precautions against being surprised, each time it was always the last time, and afterward he examined himself in the harsh light of the bathroom mirror. It did not show yet, but when the mark appeared it would be indelible and it would be his undoing.

People asked him Who is your girl? And he said I have no girl, and they laughed and his mother said Edward doesn't care for girls, and they said All that will change.

People said Edward is a good boy, and that was because they didn't know.

He touched Darwin and got an electric shock: "..the hair is chiefly retained in the male sex on the chest and face, and in both sexes at the juncture of all four limbs with the trunk . . ." There was more, but he heard someone coming and had to replace the book on the shelf.

He stopped asking questions, though his mind was teeming with them, lest someone question him. And because it was no use; the questions he wanted to ask were the questions grown people and even older boys did not want to answer. This did not interrupt the incessant kaleidoscopic patterns of ignorance and uncertainty: How did they know that people were really dead, that they wouldn't open their eyes suddenly and try to push their way out of the coffin? And how did the worms get to them if the casket was inside an outer casket that was metal? And when Mrs. Spelman died and Mr. Spelman married again, how was it arranged so that there was no embarrassment later on when he and the first Mrs. Spelman met in Heaven?

Harrison Gellert's boy, people said, seeing him go by on his way to school. To get to him, though, you had first to get past his one-tube radio, his experimental chemistry set, his growing ball of leadfoil, his correspondence with the Scott Stamp and Coin Company, his automatically evasive answers.

Pure, self-centered, a moral outcast, he sat through church, in his blue serge Sunday suit, and heard the Reverend Harry Blair who baptized him say solemnly from the pulpit that he was conceived in Sin. But afterward, at the church door, in the brilliant sunshine, he shook hands with Edward; he said he was happy to have Edward with them.

In the bookcase in the upstairs hall Edward found a book that seemed to have been put there by someone for his enlightenment. It was called What Every Boy Should Know, and it told him nothing that he didn't know already.

Arrived at the age of exploration, he charted his course by a map that showed India as an island. The Pacific Ocean was overlooked somehow. Greenland was attached to China, and rivers flowed into the wrong sea. The map enabled him to determine his attitude with a certain amount of accuracy, but for his longitude he was dependent on dead reckoning. In his search for an interior passage, he continually mistook inlets for estuaries. The Known World is not, of course, known. It probably never will be, because of those areas the map-makers have very sensibly agreed to ignore, where the terrain is different for every traveler who crosses them. Or fails to cross them. The Unknown World, indicated by dotted lines or by no lines at all, was based on the reports of one or two boys in little better case than Edward and frightened like him by tales of sea monsters, of abysses at the world's end.

A savage ill at ease among the overcivilized, Edward remembered to wash his hands and face before he came to the table, and was sent away again because he forgot to put on a coat or a sweater. He slept with a stocking top on his head and left his roller skates where someone could fall over them. It was never wise to send him on any kind of involved errand.

He was sometimes a child, sometimes an adult in the uncomfortable small size. He had opinions but they were not listened to. He blushed easily and he had feelings hurt. His jokes were not always successful, having a point that escaped most people, or that annoyed his father. His sister Virginia was real, but his father and mother had no existence apart from him, and he was aware of them mostly as generalities, agents of authority or love or discipline, telling him to sit up straight in his chair, to stand with his shoulders back, to pick up his clothes, read in a better light, stop chewing his nails, stop sniffing and go upstairs and get a handkerchief. When his father asked some question at the dinner table and his mother didn't answer, or, looking down at her plate, answered inaudibly, and when his father then, in the face of these warnings, pursued the matter until she left the table and went upstairs, it didn't mean that his mother and father didn't love each other, or that Edward didn't have as happy a home as any other boy.

Meanwhile, his plans made, his blue eyes a facsimile of innocence, he waited for them all to go some place. Who then moved through the still house? No known Edward. A murderer with flowers in his hair. A male impersonator. A newt undergoing metamorphoses. Now this, now that mirror was his accomplice. The furniture was accessory to the fact. The house being old, he could count on the back stairs to cry out at the approach of discovery. When help came, it came from the outside as usual. Harrison Gellert, passing the door of his son's room one November night, seeing Edward with his hand at the knob of his radio and the headphones over his ears, reflected on Edward's thinness, his pallor, his poor posture, his moodiness of late, and concluded that he did not spend enough time out of doors. Edward was past the age when you could tell him to go outside and play, but if he had a job of some kind that would keep him out in the open air, like delivering papers . . . Too shocked to argue with his father (you don't ask someone to give you a job out of the kindness of their heart when they don't even know you and also when there may not even be any job or if there is they may have somebody else in mind who would be better at it and who deserves it more), Edward went downtown after school and stood beside the wooden railing in the front office of the Draperville Evening Star, waiting for someone to notice him. He expected to be sent away in disgrace, and instead he was given a canvas bag and a list of names and told to come around to the rear of the building.

From five o'clock on, all over town, all along College Avenue with its overarching elms, Eighth Street, Ninth Street, Fourth Street, in the block of two-story flats backed up against the railroad tracks, and on those unpaved, nameless streets out where the sidewalk ended and the sky took over, old men sitting by the front window and children at a loss for something to do waited and listened for the sound of the paper striking the porch, and the cry -- disembodied and forlorn -- of "Pay-er!" Women left their lighted kitchens or put down their sewing in upstairs rooms and went to the front door and looked to see if the evening paper had come. Sometimes spring had come instead, and they smelled the sweet syringa in the next yard. Or the smell was of burning leaves. Sometimes they saw their breath in the icy air. A few minutes later they went to the door and looked again. Left too long, the paper blew out into the yard, got rained on, was covered with snow. Their persistence rewarded at last, they bent down and picked up the paper, opened it, and read the headline, while the paper boy rode on rapidly over lawns he had been told not to ride over, as if he were bent on overtaking lost time or some other paper boy who was not there.

In a place where everybody could esaily be traced back to his origin, people did not always know who the paper boy was or care what time he got home to supper. They assumed from a general knowledge of boys that if the paper was late it was because the paper boy dawdled somewhere, shooting marbles, throwing snowballs, when he should have been delivering their paper.

Every afternoon after school the boys rode into the alley behind the *Star* Building, let their bicycles fall with a clatter, and gathered in the cage next to the pressroom. They were dirty-faced, argumentative, and as alike as sparrows. Their pockets sagged with pieces of chalk, balls of string, slingshots, marbles, jackknives, deified objects, trophies they traded. Boasting and being called on to produce evidence in support of what ought to have been true but wasn't, they bet large sums of unreal money or passed along items of misinformation that were gratefully received and stored away in a safe place. Easily deflated, they just as easily recovered their powers of pretending. With the press standing idle, the linotype machine clicking and lisping, the round clock on the wall a torment to them every time they glanced in that direction, they asked What time is the press going to start? -- knowing that the printing press of the *Draperville Evening Star* was all but done for, and that it was a question not of how soon it would start printing but of whether it could be prevailed upon to print at all. When the linotype machines stopped, there was a quarter of an hour of acute uncertainty, during which late news bulletins were read in reverse, corrections were made in the price of laying [illegible]sh and ladies' ready-to-wear, and the columns of type were locked in place. The bo[illegible]. The pressroom waited. The front office waited and listene[illegible] suddenly the clean white paper began to move, to flow like a [illegible]all. Words appeared on one side and then on the other. The cl[illegible]g clattering discourse gained momentum. The paper was cut, [illegible]per was folded. Smelling the damp ink, copies of the *Draperville Evening Star* slid down a chute and were scooped up and counted by a young [illegible] named Homer West, who never broke down or gave trouble to anyone. [illegible]ul, even-tempered, he handed the papers through a wicket to t[illegible]n boys who waited in line with their canvas bags slu[illegible]er and their bicycles in a tangle outside. One of t[illegible] Harold, but Homer was a brother to all of them. [illegible] the pressure of their high-pitched impatience w[illegible] from fighting each other during that ominous q[illegible] the linotype machines fell silent, and listene[illegible] th[illegible] of disorder in the press. When it began che[illegible]er inst[illegible]ing, he pulled the switch, and a silence of a[illegible] discoura[illegible] import succeeded the whir and the clitter-clit-clat[illegible] boys who were left said I can't wait around here all nigh[illegible]work to do. And Homer, waiting also, for the long day [illegible]time still far in the future when he could afford to g[illegible]our homework now, why don't you? They said Here[illegible] Wh[illegible]? What's the matter with this place? It's warm. [illegible]e got electric light. They said I can't concentrate. And Ho[illegible] said Neither can I with you talking to me. He said It won't be long now. And when they insisted on knowing how long, he said Pretty soon.

The key to age is patience; and the key to patience is unfortunately age, which cannot be hurried, which takes time (in which to be disappointed); and time is measured by what happens; and what happens is printed (some of it) in the evening paper.

Just when it seemed certain that there would be no more copies of that evening's Star, the waterfall resumed its flowing -- slowly at first, and then with a kind of frantic confidence. One after another the boys received their papers through the wicket, counted them, and with their canvas bags weighted, ran out of the building to mount their bicylces and ride off to the part of town that depended on them for its knowledge of what was going on in the outside world in the year 1922.

After their first mild surprise at finding Eddie Gellert in the cage with them, the other boys accepted his presence there, serene in the knowledge that they could lick him if he started getting wise, and that they had thirty-seven or forty-two or fifty-one customers in a good neighborhood to his thirteen in the poorest-paying section of town. His route had been broken off one of the larger ones, with no harm to the loser, who, that first evening, went with him to point out the houses that took the Star, and showed him how to fold the papers as he went along and how to toss them so they landed safely on the porch. After that, Edward was on his own.

The boys received their papers from Homer in rotation, and it was better to be second or third or fourth or even fifth than it was to be first, because if you were first it meant that the next night you would be last. "Pay-er . . ." Edward called, like the others. "Pay-er?" -- with his mind on home. His last paper delivered, he turned toward the plate kept warm for him in the oven, the place it would have been so pleasant to come to straight from school. But he was twelve now, and out in the world. He had put the unlimited leisure of childhood behind him. As his father said, he was learning the value of money, his [illegible] empty, his nostrils burning wihh the cold, his chin deep in [illegible] Mackinaw.

[illegible] his father had, Edward did not know. It was one of the uninteresting questions that grown people do not care to answer. Since his mother was also kept in the dark about this, there was no reason to assume he could find out by asking. But he knew he was expected to do as well some day, and own a nice home and provide decently for the wife and children it was as yet impossible for him to imagine. If all this were easy to manage, then his father would not be upset about lights that were left burning in empty rooms or mention the coal bill every [illegible] complained that the house was chilly. Life is [illegible] guarantees, whether your mother takes in [illegible] Friday Bridge Club. Poverty is no joke -- b[illegible]erty never experienced. Every evening Ed[illegible] of failure, the part of town he must [illegible] ever going to be paved, in all [illegible] after year the banks or the coal company [illegible] for repainting or doing anything about, beyond [illegible] people who lived in them paid their rent promptly on the [illegible] the month.

On Saturday [illegible] came with his metal collection book and knocked and the door [illegible] by a solemn, filthy child or a woman who had no corset on [illegible] house dress and whose hair had not been combed since she got out of bed. The women gave him a dime and took the coupon he held out to them as if that were the commodity in question. If they asked him to step inside he held his breath, ignoring the bad air and an animal odor such as might have been left by foxes or raccoons or wolves in their lair. The women wadded the coupon into a ball or, if they were of a suspicious turn of mind, saved it for the day when he would try to cheat them, and they could triumphantly confront him with the proof of his dishonesty. If they didn't have a dime (often the case in that part of town) or were simply afraid, on principle, to part with money, they put him off with every appearance of not remembering that they had put him off the week before and the week before that. He turned away, dispppointed but trying desperately to be polite, and the paper kept on coming.

Regardless of how many customers paid or put off paying the paper boy, the *Evening Star* claimed its percentage every Saturday morning. Any other arrangement would have complicated the bookkeeping, and the owners of the paper did not consider themselves responsible for the riot that broke out, one Friday afternoon, in the cage next to the pressroom. The boys refused to take the papers Homer held out to them through the wicket, and nothing that he said to them had any effect, because their grievances were suddenly intolerable and they themselves were secure in the knowledge (why had they never thought of this before?) that the *Star* was helpless without them. The word "strike" was heard above the sound of the press, which had started on time, for once, and which went right on printing editorial after editorial advising the President of the United States to take over the coal mines -- with troops if necessary, since the public welfare was threatened.

At quarter of five, home was not as Edward had remembered it. There was nothing to do, nobody to talk to except Old Mary, and she said Now don't go spoiling your supper! when all in the world he wanted was company. He went back through the empty uneasy rooms and settled in a big chair in the library with a volume of *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War* on his lap. He didn't read; he only looked at the pictures (a farmhouse near Shiloh, the arsenal at Harper's Ferry) and listened for the sound of a step on the front porch. It was dark outside, and people all over town were beginning to look for the evening paper. His mind was still filled with remembered excitement, triumph that blurred and threatened to turn into worry. But then he turned a page. This had the same effect as when a dreamer, waking, escapes from the nightmare by changing his position in bed.

Virginia came in, and Edward called out to her, but she rushed upstairs, too absorbed in her own world of spit curls and charm bracelets, of what Ossie Dempsey said to Elsie McNish, of TL's and ukuleles, to answer her own brother. And where was his mother.

Mildred Gellert, unable to get along with her husband, unable to bear his bad temper, his nagging, had tried leaving him. Sometimes she took the children with her and sometimes, with her suitcases in the front hall, she clung to them and told them they mustn't forget her, and that when they were older they would understand. The trouble was, they did understand already. For a time it was very exciting, full of subtle moves (she communicated with Harrison through her lawyer) and countermoves (his mother came and kept house for him) like a chess game. The Gellerts' house, no matter who ordered the meals and sat at the opposite end of the dining-room table from Harrison Gellert, had a quality of sadness. This was partly architectural, having to do with the wide overhanging eaves, and partly because the shrubbery -- the bridal wreath and barberry -- had been allowed to become spindly and the trees kept the sunlight from the lawn. Neither surprised by its own prosperity, like the Tudor and Dutch colonial houses in the new addition to Draperville, nor frankly shabby, like other old houses of its period, the Gellerts' house and yard were at a standstill, having reached their final look, which owed so much, apparently, to accident, and so little to design or intention or thought.

When Edward walked into Virginia's room she was lying on the bed reading a movie magazine, and she implied that she would just as soon he went somewhere else. Not that he cared. He sat slumped in a chair until she said, "Do you have to breathe like that?"

"Like what?"

"With your mouth open like a fish."

Nothing made him so uncomfortable as being reminded of some parts of himself that there was no need to be reminded of. It took all the joy out of life. "This is the way you breathe," he said indignantly. "Just let me give you an imitation."

She laughed scornfully at his attempt to fasten on her a failing she did not have, and so he reminded her -- a thing he had meant not to do -- that she owed him thirty cents. This led to more insinuations and denials, in the heat of which he forgot he was home early until his mother, standing in the doorway with her hat on, said, "If you children don't stop this eternal arguing, I don't know what I will do!" Neither of them had heard her come upstairs. They looked at each other, conspirators, on the same side. "We're not arguing."

Convicted without a hearing (their mother went on to her own room) they drew apart from each other again. Virginia said, "That was all your fault. I didn't ask you in here, and you're not supposed to come in my room unless I ask you in." Which was a rule she made up, along with a lot of others.

Before they even realized they were arguing again, a voice called, "Children, please! please!" Their mother's voice, so nervous, unhappy, and remote after the Friday Bridge Club. It embarrassed them, reminding them of scenes at the dinner table and conversations between their mother and father that floated up the stairs late at night after they were in bed.

Edward went into the bathroom and ran lukewarm water into the washbasin. It takes patience and some native skill to make a pumice stone float. Absorbed in this delicate task, Edward forgot about his grimy hands and also about the hands of the clock. A warning from his mother as she started down the stairs (how did she know he was in the bathroom) woke him from a dream of argosies, and the stone boat sank. He arrived in the dining room out of breath, his blond hair slicked down and wet, his hands clean but not his wrists, and an excuse ready on his tongue. He had decided not to mention the strike but it came out just the same. Halfway through dinner it burst out of him, and he felt better immediately.

"How did it start?" Harrison Gellert asked. The lamp that used to hang low over the dining-roon table, with its red and green stained glass, its beaded glass fringe, had been replaced, in the last year or two, by glaring wall brackets, a white light in which nothing could be concealed.

"I don't know," Edward said. He passed his plate for a second helping. The plate was filled and passed back to him, and then his father said, "You were there, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, all I'm asking you to tell me is what happened. Something must have happened. How did the strike get started in the first place?"

"I don't remember," Edward said.

He glanced at his sister, across the table. She had stopped eating and with a lurking smile, as if to say "You're going to catch it," waited for him to flounder in deeper and deeper. He did not hold this against her. The shoe was often enough on the other foot.

"It seemed like it just happened," Edward said, hoping that this explanation, which satisfied him, was truthful and accurate, would also satisfy his father. "I left my arithmetic book in my desk at school and had to go back and get it."

Pleased to have recalled this detail, he stopped and then saw that his father was waiting for him to go on.

"When did the boys decide they weren't going to deliver their papers, before you got there or after?"

"After."

"But the trouble had already started?"

"Not exactly."

"You mean it was like any other evening."

Edward shook his head. What he could not explain was that the boys were always threatening to strike, to quit, to make trouble of one kind or another.

"What are you striking about?"

"The collection. We're suppose to go around collecting on Saturday morning. And people are supposed to pay us, and we're supposed to pay the Star. We pay Mrs. Sinclair seven cents and keep three. Only lots of times when we ask for the money, they -- You want to see my collection book?"

"No. Just tell me about it."

There were times when, if it hadn't been for the reassurance of Edward's monthly report card, Harrison Gellert would have been forced to wonder if his son were a mental defective. No doubt he was passing through a stage, but it was a very tiresome one.

"Sometimes we have to wait five or six weeks for the money," Edward said.

"But you get it eventually?"

Edward nodded. "But she takes her share right away, out of whatever we do collect, and it's not fair."

"What's unfair about it?"

"She has lots of money and we don't."

"What else are the boys striking for?"

"When the press breaks down, sometimes we don't get home until after seven o'clock. One night it was nearly eight."

"It isn't Mrs. Sinclair's fault that the press breaks down."

To this Edward made no answer.

"What else?"

"We want more money."

"How much more?"

"Oh, let the poor child alone!" Mildred Gellert exclaimed, raising her wan, unhappy face from her salad and looking at her husband.

"He's not a child," Harrison Gellert said. "And I'm not picking on him. How much did you make this week?"

"Thirty-seven cents," Edward said. "But some of it was back pay. I only have thirteen customers. Barney Lefferts has the most. He had fifty-two. He makes about a dollar and a half a week when he gets paid."

"That's very good, for a boy."

"I guess so," Edward said.

"Did anybody take the trouble to explain to Mrs. Sinclair why you were refusing to deliver the paper?"

"Oh, yes, but she didn't listen to us. She was awful mad. And Homer was standing there, too."

"What did she say to you?"

"She was inside, where the press and the linotype machines are."

"But what did she say?"

"She tried to get us to deliver the papers. So we all went outside and left her."

"And then what happened?"

"The other guys jumped on their bicycles and rode off."

"And what did you do?"

"I came on home."

"Who's going to deliver our paper?" Virginia asked.

"Nobody, I guess. They can't, if we're all on strike." Edward turned back to his father. "Do you think I did wrong?"

"It's something you're old enough to decide for yourself," Harrison Gellert said. Edward was relieved. On the other hand, it wasn't the same thing as being told that he had his father's complete and wholehearted approval to take part in a strike any time there was one. If he hadn't gone on strike with the others, it would have been uncomfortable. He would have had enemies. The school yard would not have been a very safe place for him, and neither would the alley in the back of the Star Building, but actually he had wanted to go out on strike and he had enjoyed the excitement.

"They'll have to take us all back, won't they?" he asked. "Since we all did it together?"

"Finish your potato, dear," Mildred Gellert said. "You're keeping Mary waiting." She was not young any more; she had given up searching for her destiny and had come home, for the sake of the children. Acceptance has its inevitable meager rewards. The side porch was now enclosed, and it was generally agreed that the new green brocade curtains in the living room had cost Harrison plenty.

During dessert Edward remembered suddenly that he was saving his money to buy a bicycle, and the rice pudding stuck in his throat and would not for the longest time go down. When the others left the dining room, he lingered until Old Mary finished clearing the table and with her hand on the light switch said, "You figure on sitting here in the dark?"

Edward got up and went into the library, where his mother and Virginia were. His mother was sewing. She was changing the hem on Virginia's plaid skirt. Edward sat down, like a visitor waiting to be entertained. He heard the front door open and close, and then his father came in and sat down in his favorite chair and (quite as if he hadn't understood a word of all that Edward had been telling him) opened the evening paper.

When the paper boys ran out of the building, Harold West got as far as the door when Homer called to him. Homer said, "You stay here, Harold," and Harold stayed. After he had delivered his own papers, he rode back downtown and with a list supplied by the front office, he and Homer started out together. Ever so many houses had no street numbers beside the front steps or on the porch roof; or else the numbers, corroded, painted over five or six times, could not be seen in the dark. Not every subscriber to the Draperville Evening Star got a paper that night. The lists were incomplete, and there is not adequate substitution for habit. The office stayed open until ten, and there were a few telephone calls, but most people were not surprised that the evening paper, arriving at such different times every night, should finally have failed to arrive at all.

On Saturday morning, Edward went downtown. He saw a knot of boys standing on the sidewalk in front of the Star Building. The riot was over, the strike had collapsed, and though they had counted on him to act with them, they had not bothered to inform him of their surrender. If he hadn't been led there by curiosity, he would have been the only one not now apologizing and asking to have his route given back to him.

Riot, in the soul or in an alley, wears off. It is not self-sustaining. Reason waits, worry bides its time. The recording angel assigned to mark the sparrow's fall took a little extra space in order to record the fact that George Gibbs, Harry Lathrop, John Weiner, Bert Savage, Dave O'Connell, Marvin Shapiro, Barney Lefferts, Edward Gellert, and nine other sparrows were flying and fluttering against a net of their won devising.

One at a time the boys were allowed to go inside. Through the plate glass window Edward saw Barney Lefferts, sitting in a straight chair beside Mrs. Sinclair's desk, with his eyes lowered, anxiously twisting his dirty old cap while she talked on and on. Once, with an odd gesture of pleading, he interrupted her; he said something that she brushed aside. When Edward looked in the window again, Barney Lefferts was crying. While you are learning the value of money, you learn also -- you can't, in fact, help learning -- that whoever has it has the right to withhold it. Courage doesn't count, in these circumstances.

When Barney Lefferts came out of the building, all that was behind him and he was triumphant. He said, "Jesus, I got my route back!"

Edward's interview with Mrs. Sinclair was short, and the scolding he got from her was restrained, out of respect for his father's credit and certain social distinctions that both Edward and Mrs. Sinclair were aware of.

"I'm very disappointed in you, Edward," she said. "I know, of course, that you wouldn't have done what you did if you hadn't been led astray by the others. But there was somebody who didn't let himself be led astray. Harold West delivered papers until eleven o'clock, last night, and Mr. Sinclair and I are very grateful to him." She played with a paper clip, and then said, "I know you are sorry, but that isn't the same as if you had behaved in an honorable way, is it? I've decided to let you have your route back, but I want you to promise me, on your word of honor, that if such a thing ever happens again around here, you will be on the side of the Newspaper."

Edward promised, conscious of the fact that her thin, flat chest would not be comforting to put his head on, in time of trouble. He was grateful, but not to her. While he was waiting his turn outside, he had made a bargain: he had offered to give up, from now on, for the rest of his life, the secret, sinful practices that would fill people with horror if they knew and that made God (who did know) sad, if God would give him back his paper route, and God had done it.

"We were thinking of giving you a larger route, Edward," Mrs. Sinclair said, "but I'm afraid, in the light of what happened yesterday . . . Well, we won't talk about it any more. What's done is done. Suppose you go and do your Saturday morning collecting."

The promise to Mrs. Sinclair, Edward never had an opportunity to keep. The promise to God he broke, over and over and over. He prayed, he made new promises, he offered acts of kindness, acts of self-denial, in place of the one renunciation he could not manage. And though he knew it could not be so, it almost seemed at times as if God did not mind what he did as soon as he had the house all to himself; or else were trying to make Edward feel worse, because he did get the larger paper route, with fifty-three customers, in a much better part of town, and the total in his bank book rose higher and higher, with compound interest in red, and finally, on a clear bright windy day in September, Edward went to his father's office after school and a few minutes later they walked around the courthouse square to the bank, and from there they went to Kohler's bicycle shop, where Edward, with his father's solemn approval, parted gladly with his savings and rode off on his heart's delight. The new bicycle was blue and silver, and stood out conspicuously among all the other bicycles in the two long racks in the school yard. It had a headlight and a tool case. He adjusted the handlebars so they were low like the handlebars of a racing bike, and then rode without using them at all, unless it was a matter of keeping the front wheel out of the streetcar track. Boys asked to try his new bicycle out, and rather than get into a fight about it, he let them have a brief ride, but it was agony to him until they jumped off and let him have his Blue Racer again. When the bicycle got rained on, he dried it with a rag he kept in his canvas bag. At night he stood it in the woodshed, out of the dew. He would have taken it into his bed if this had been at all practical.

The bicycle was still new, he had only had it a few weeks, when it was run over. It happened on a Saturday noon. Hungry, in a hurry to get home for lunch, he rode up in front of the Star Building. A voice in his head reminded him that the boys were not allowed to leave their bicycles in front of the building, and another voice said promptly She won't see it, and even if she does, this once won't matter . . . He leaned his bicycle carefully against the high curbing and went inside. There were two boys ahead of him. While he was counting the money in his change purse, a boy opened the street door and shouted, "You better come out her, Gellert! Somebody just ran over your new bicycle!"

Without any feeling whatever, as if he were dreaming, Edward went outside, and a man he'd never seen before said, "I didn't know it was there, and I backed over it."

Edward kept right on, without looking at the man, until he reached the edge of the sidewalk and could look down at what ought to have been somebody else's ruined bicycle, not (oh please not) his.

His mouth began to quiver.

The man said, "I'm sorry," and Edward burst into tears. What had happened was so terrible, and he felt such pity for the mangled spokes, the tires torn from their rums.

Mrs. Sinclair, seeing that there was trouble of some kind in front of the building, left her desk and went to the door. She looked at the bicycle and then at Edward standing there blindly, with the tears streaming down his face. "You're not supposed to leave your wheels in front of the building," she said, and went inside. People gathered around Edward, trying to console him. The man who had run over Edward's bicycle got into his car and drove away. Someone told Edward his name, and where he lived.

That night Harrison Gellert backed the car out of the garage and, with Edward in the front seat beside him, drove out to the edge of town and stopped in front of a one-story frame house in a poor neighborhood. "You wait her," he said, and got out and went up the brick walk. A man came to the door, and Edward saw a lighted room. His father said something and the man said something. Then he held the screen door open, a and his father stepped inside and the door closed. Edward waited in perfect confidence that his father would tell him that it was all settled and the man was going to buy him a new bicycle. Instead, his father came out, after about five minutes, and got in the car and started the engine without saying a word. They were halfway down the block before he turned to Edward and explained that the man didn't know anything about his bicycle.

"But they said it was him!"

"I know," Harrison Gellert said. "He may not have been telling the truth."

Conscious of how quiet it had become in the front seat, he added, "Would you like to drive downtown for an ice cream soda?"

They parked in front of the ice cream parlor, and his father honked and a high school boy came out, with a white apron around his hips, and took their order. A few minutes later he reappeared with two tin trays and two tall chocolate sodas. The soda was as good a comfort as any, if Edward had been allowed to eat it in silence, but Harrison Gellert was genuinely distressed and sorry for his son, and his sympathy took the form (as it had in the past when he tried to comfort his wife) of feeling sorry for himself. "As you get older," he said, "you will find that a great many things happen that aren't easy to bear. Things you can't change, no matter how you try. You have to accept them and go right on, doing the best you can."

"But it isn't right!" Edward burst out. "He ran over it. It's his fault!"

"I know all that."

"Then why doesn't he have to pay for it?"

"If it was his fault, he ought to pay for having your bicycle repaired. But you can't make him do it if he doesn't want to."

A year earlier, Edward would have cried out, "But you can!" He thought it now, but he didn't say it.

"We'll find out from Mr. Kohler how much it will cost to have your bicycle fixed, and I'll go fifty-fifty with you, when it comes to paying for it."

Edward thanked his father politely, but there was no use talking about having his bicycle fixed. It would never be the same. The frame was sprung, and you could always tell a repainted bike from one that was straight from the factory. His father could go to court if necessary, and the judge would make the man pay for ruining his bicycle, and maybe fine him besides.

"It may be cheaper in the end to get a second-hand bicycle," Mr. Gellert said.

With an effort Edward kept the tears from spilling over. He didn't want a second-hand bicycle. He wanted not to leave his new bicycle in front of the _Star_ Building where it would be run over.

And Mr. Gellert wanted to say and didn't say, "I hope this will be a lesson to you."

It was a lesson, of course, in the sense that everything that happens, good or bad, is a lesson.

Edward Gellert was thirteen going on fourteen when the paper boys went on strike against the _Evening Star_, and he was fourteen going on fifteen when his bicycle was run over. One half the individual nature never seems any different, from the cradle to the grave; the other half is pathetically in step with the slightest physical change. Edward's voice had deepened, hairs had appeared on his body where Darwin said they should appear, his feet and hands were noticeably large for the rest of him, and something would not allow him to kneel in the dark beside his bed and ask God to give him back his new bicycle. People might be raised from the dead, as it said in the Bible, but a ruined bicycle could not be any power on earth or in Heaven be made shining and whole again.

#9294

FADIMAN'S LAW OF OPTIMUM IMPROVEMENT

By Clifton Fadiman

Many Americans believe that endless progress and unceasing movement are necessary, desirable, and even inevitable elements of living. In the next piece, Clifton Fadiman decides to take issue with such widespread convictions.

Two scrambled eggs was what I ordered from the pleasant-faced drugstore counterman.

"On buttered toast," he declared firmly. "White, rye, gluten, marmalade or jam?"

"Just two scrambled eggs," I muttered.

He eyed me with suspicion. A pause. Then, "Potatoes on the side," he stated.

"Just two scrambled eggs."

Another pause. "Nothing on the side?"

Down but still twitching, I said, "Eggs."

"Coffee now or later?"

"No coffee. Eggs."

Lost in misgivings, he prepared the eggs and was about to crown them with a generous bouquet of parsley, when I quavered, "Just the eggs -- no parsley."

The eggs were fine. Asking for salt and pepper helped to patch things up a little, but I know I left the counter under a cloud.

Man, boy, and Master of Ceremonies, I have worked in radio and television for over fifteen years. During this period -- such is the public's good sense -- I have drawn weighable fan mail only once. That was when, through the courtesy of an obliging network, I explained the difficulty I had always met in getting a ham sandwich. By a ham sandwich I meant a han sandwich -- a slice of ham between two pieces of buttered bread, minus lettuce, parsley, olives, pickles, carrots, shredded cabbage, mayonnaise, whipped cream. My open confession attracted many heartfelt letters, all from males.

"Man wants but little here below," the poet Goldsmith tells us. But try to get it. Try to get potatoes without parsley. A Martini without the olive. An Old-Fashioned or an ice-cream sundae without the cherry. Soft-collar shirts laundered without starch in the collar. A jacket pressed without creases in the sleeves. A cigarette box without a horse's head on it. A bottle of pills without an almost unremovable wad of cotton below the stopper. Cocktail napkins without floral curlicues. A baby's crib in a solid color (not pink or blue) without cherubs or roses stamped on the headboard.

Try, just try, to pay a bill without going through a forest of Stuffers and Fillers. The other day I opened an envelope from a New York department store with which my wife is at present conducting a fervent romance. After seventeen minutes passed in investigating the contents of the envelope, I succeeded in unearthing a bill for $17.60.

You may well ask why it took seventeen minutes to find the bill. I may well tell you. Along with the bill were eleven enclosures of varying sizes. They were all beautifully written and expensively illustrated, these stuffers were; and, if I only had had the time or were in jail or quarantine, I could have spent an exciting hour and a half reading them.

One pleaded with me to buy the latest patent moth-killer. Another directed my attention to bras in heavenly tissue-skin nylon. Another offered me my very own printed airmail stationery. Another pressed upon me the virtues of an electric shoeshine boy (AC only). Another made it clear that life was dust and ashes without a Koolfoam airy cellular latex pillow. Another urged an automatic snoozing chair. Still another tantalized me with the possibility of owning a complete flower master-kit, containing more than a hundred items for arrangeng flowers.

A man who gets a bill wants to be able to remove it at once from its envelope and either pay it or invent some excuse for not paying it. He does not want to receive at the same time a complete inventory of the store's merchandise. Three times out of four it is vertually impossible to find the bill wihhout the help of two secretaries. By the time it is found the debtor is bewildered to the point of fury.

In our kitchen we have a garbage-can. A pedal is attached to its base. As you step on the pedal, the lid flies up, you throw in the disposables with one hand, the other hand being completely free to play the piano. That's the theory. In practice the foot slips off the pedal and you find yourself guiltily lifting the lid with your crude bare hands. Or it partially slips off the pedal and the lid opens shyly, just wide enough to admit a postcard. Or it works perfectly, but, the can being empty, the lid bangs up with enough power to send the entire contraption skidding along the floor, and enough clatter to wake up the daamatic critics at the first night of an Ibsen revival.

A bottle of ink used to be a bottle of ink. You filled your pen by dipping it into the bottle. Today my ink bottle comes equipped with a small shallow trough or well built on to the upper part of the inside of the bottle. This trough is for the ink -- the bottle itself has been demoted into a mere storehouse. To fill the trough you tip the full bottle, thus getting the contents over anything receptive to ink. The trough full, you now unscrew the ink-drenched lid and dip your pen into the well. As it is shallow you bank your point against the bottom. A good pen point will survive about fifty such bangs. Three new pens to one bottle of ink is par for the course. The ink itself, by the way, is excellent.

At one time a man could ask for razor blades and get them. This is becoming increasingly difficult. My favorite blades -- splendid, keen chaps -- no longer come loose in a small packet. They are nested in a slotted receptable in such a manner that if you exert just the right amount of thumb pressure on the top blade you can slide it out of the slot. The occasions when I have done this are noted in my diary. I might add that the old three-piece razor will soon be one with the American buffalo. Razors are now one-piece. They boast an ingenious system of screws and movable clamps which succeed in making the razor uncleanable, the blade loose, and the balance in the hand an uncertain quantity.

Books used to come wrapped in a piece of paper tied up with a piece of cord. In no time you could be reading the book. Today they arrive in cardboard iron maidens, suitable to the transportation of safes or pianos, without any visible weak point. Or they come swaddled in thick bags stapled at one end. The ingenious company that manufactures these bags cites their virtues: they are protective, time and labor saving, economical, space saving, simple and clean. Possible. But they are not openable. Sometimes you can undo the staples without much loss of blood, but if you make the slightest wrong move, you tear the bag. Out flies a bushel of ancient furry shredded gray paper, the perfect stand-in for mouse dirt. This distributes itself impartially over floor, walls, and your throat and nasal passages.

Admitting without argument that I belong to that oppressed majority who are all thumbs, I would suggest that the real trouble lies elsewhere. The fact is that we are becoming victims of our surplusage and -- to use a nasty seven-letter word -- our know-how. In the field of prepared food and drink we cannot let well enough alone; in the field of gadgets the same thing is true. Our native ingenuity is so restless that the potentialities for change lying within the gadget begin to dominate our imaginations, drowning out any sense of that perfectly proper resistance to change lying within every human being. The man who falls in love with the gadget has fallen out of love with his own humanity. By fooling around too much with our materials we can outsmart ourselves. Remember the fountain pen that wrote under water. Nothing fails like excess.

The car with the automatic shift is doubtless a better car. The question is whether the subnormal who can now drive an automobile is a better man. A super-speed highway is a better highway, but its users are slightly worse humans, because super-highway travel, with no scenery, few curves, no obstacles, is so dull as to be a kind of prison in motion. Better to watch a cow from a canalboat that the Andes from the air.

Take bread. Mass-produced bread -- or rather its pallid, sectioned ghost, hardly to be distinguished from the cellophane in which the neat slices are wrapped -- is doubtless more convenient to handle; but eat enough of it and you will lose one of the oldest and most precious of human talents -- the taste for the staff of life.

To relieve the over-familiarity of this doubtlessly reactionary viewpoint I think I had better refer to Aristotle. Aristotle tells us: "Moral virtue . . . is a mean between two vices, the one involving excess, the other deficiency," and, as an example, he remarks, "With regard to the giving and taking of money the mean is liberality, the excess and the defect prodigality and stinginess."

Let us now set beside Aristotle's Doctrine of the Mean another doctrine, hereafter to be known as Fadiman's Law of Optimum Improvement. I am persuaded that in the realm of objects, as well as in the realm of ethics, there can be an excess of refinement as well as a defect of crudity. It is my further conviction that a proper technological society is not the one capable of endlessly improving its artifacts, but the one able to see at what point it is best, from the point of view of the whole human being (and indeed of the whole human race), to stop the improvement.

When John Montagu, fourth Earl of Sandwich, invented the comestible (food) named after him (he once spent twenty-four hours at the gaming table living on beef sandwiches) he placed mankind in his debt, and obeyed the doctrine of the mean. When some meddler, not satisfied with this perfect contrivance, "improved" it with lettuce, tomatoes, and other vitamin-reeking horrors, he erred in the direction of excess.

The old-fashinned kitchen was defective. The modern kitchen, with its stainless-steel double sink, its freezer, its refrigerator, is a joy, the perfect mean, improvement at its optimum. Fill it with all the "labor-saving" devices, from egg-slicers to carrot-curlers, and you have an excess, a frantic inferno of machinery.

I am not urging a return to the spinning wheel. I am only suggesting that many objects, from food to machinery, are subject to an invisible and overlooked law of maximum complication and development.

Nature has wisely seen to it that human beings generally stop short at seven feet. With respect to things we must assume the role of Nature.

When I think of my own odd trade of mass communication I find myself lost in admiration before the vast technical improvements of the last thirty years, and at the same time troubled by an uneasy sense that each such improvement brings, along with its concrete benefits, some less concrete losses.

When a performer shifts from the stage to the radio microphone he says good-by to certain possibilities, among them visibility and mobility. He becomes the servant of a metal neck surmounted by a metal ear. When he transfers to the television studio he retains some visibility -- but his mobility is further reduced. He has now become the servant to two pieces of machinery. In certain ways the camera allows him to create new effects; in other ways it circumscribes him in accordance with the unchangeable laws of its own nature. There's a television gadget called a "mixer" which permits any collection of small objects to be photographed by a special camera in such a way that they seem to comprise a full-size natural background for the actor or singer. This makes many wonderful effects possible -- but the performer is even further circumscribed in his movements: any deviation outside a prescribed area will blur the image. Eventually color television will look magnificent -- to the spectator. The actor, however, will be forced to wear clothes of a particular color, to be made up in a specific way, etc.

Each of these apparently petty progressive limitations places a greater and greater distance between the personality of the performer and the performance itself. Not that the performance is uninteresting, but that its interest in part depends on the efficiency of a battery of machines. Perhaps even in the field of communication, then, works some subtle limiting law of optimum improvement.

The Sermon on the Mount, produced without benefit of even the crudest studio facilities, has since its premiere constantly enjoyed a high rating. How much would have been lost, how much gained, had it been properly produced over a coast-to-coast television network, backed by full orchestra and electric organ?

#9295

THE ROBOTS ARE HERE!

By D. S. Halacy, Jr.

Automation -- an increasingly "loaded" word these days -- creeps into discussions of everything from labor disputes to traffic control. People seem haunted with the troubling thought that robots will someday take over all the tasks once performed by human beings. But this fear does not trouble D. S. Halacy, Jr. He assures us that the robots -- very useful robots -- are already here!.

In 1946 two men named J. Presper Eckert and John Mauchly built the first electronic computer. By 1962 this "giant brain" had made such an impact on our society that Eckert said he hoped we would soon solve the problem of racial integration, for another kind of integration was going to be just as difficult to solve -- the integration of man and machine.

About the time Eckert expressed concern over the problem of machines, an unusual event gave emphasis to his remarks. Among new payers of union dues in 1962 were a number of assembly-line robots. Each of these began to pay from twenty-five to a thousand dollars a year as it started its job in one of various factories in the United States. The money went into a fund for studying the problem of human workers versus automation. It is no longer correct to say that the robots are coming: they are already here in great numbers.

Robots did not burst into our midst in 1962. We have been using some mechanical workers for some time, including robot traffic policemen, and robot pilots in ships and aircraft. Newer machines are now being put to work in banks and businesses to handle facts and figures faster and better than humans can. The robot today is an important factor in our lives; tomorrow it will become even more so.

The automatic machine has not always been called a robot. Before being christened with that name it was known as everything from helpful friend to heartless enemy. The steam engines of James Watt, for example, were called "Iron Angels" by some and "Black Devils" by others. Less emotional names included homunculus, android, automaton, mechanical man, and homo robotensis. More important than the name, itself, however, is an understanding of its meaning.

The dictionary defines a robot as a brutal, efficient, insensitive person; an automation. The word itself came into our language from the Czechoslovakian by way of a Play written in 1921, R.U.R., by Karel Capek. Robota is a Czech word for compulsory servitude, and the author called his artificial men robots.

In the play the robots were given human characteristics, and they ended by killing their human masters. Such a theme was not new in literature, but the play was important because it gave the mechanical man a name that has stuck. The dictionary lists such associated words as robotism, robotistic, robotize, and robotry.

Unfortunately, the robot is often thought of as a mechanical monster, guided by an evil brain and bent on the destruction of man. In many movies and stories robots run amuck with all sorts of terrible consequences; we seem to enjoy sitting on the edges of our chairs and being scared to death by tales of malevolent mechanical monsters. The robot's literary reputation is an old one, as we find on looking back through writings even of ancient times.

In addition to knowing what a rob [illegible] of its history, we should also have an idea of [illegible] that make it work. Robots, like living creatures, n[illegible] basic parts to function the way they are supposed to. [illegible] need energy, muscles, and "brains."

There are all kinds of robots. The [illegible] are like wind-up toys, but others can even be made to [illegible] correctly to a changing environment. (Such "adaptive" rob[illegible] that is of vital importance to living things too.) [illegible] about the robot's "inside story" in a later chapter. [illegible] in the past were hardly more than toys -- but toys [illegible] and very special nature. Today some robots are built [illegible] or for display or entertainment, but most exist to do a [illegible]. Their tasks are many and varied: from piloting an airplane [illegible] missile to handling dangerous radioactive materials that [illegible] human workers. The discovery of atomic energy has opened up [illegible] lenging new fields for the robot, as has the exploration of spa[illegible]

As part of the industrial revolution the robot has helped bring about automation -- which is sometimes called the "invisible robot." Mass-produced themselves, robots staff factories that automatically turn out other products we need. These individual automatic machines, together with the electronic controls that operate whole factories, constitute the robot of automation. Robots come in all sizes: as small as the air-conditioning thermostat in our homes and as large as entire steel mills.

One type of robot we will discuss depends on the brain of its human operator, and some robots don't have any "brains" at all. But industrial robots quickly "learn" a variety of tasks and never "forget" them until told to do so. Some robots consist almost entirely of electronic "brains" capable of great speed and reasoning ability. Once so huge they were rightly called "giant" brains, thinking machines have shrunk in size until optimistic robot builders now foresee them approaching the human brian in compactness.

A lively argument goes on among scientists and engineers as to whether or not a robot chess player will one day be champion of the world. But a more basic question is why machines should be playing games at all!

Most robots are busy at workaday chores but some seemingly while away their time playing games such as chess, checkers, tick-tack-toe, and even matching pennies. Games are really problems, and the robot that can play games can also solve other problems. Matching pennies, for example, is a practical application of the laws of probability and simple idea of "heads or tails" leads to the mathematical field of "game theory." This theory has important applications in business, science, and war strategy.

The robots have their brains "wired" in just the way needed to do their tasks, but some newer ones can "learn" from experience. And scientists studying this ability are learning something about the operation of human brains at the same time.

The robot is no longer a fantasy inhabiting only our dreams, the movies, and science-fiction stories: the real robot proves far more interesting than its imaginary counterpart. Robots serve us every day, often doing things we could never hope to do. But it is shortsighted to be blinded by the benefits of the robot and not to see the serious problems it creates at the same time.

Historically men have feared the robot as a stealer of jobs, and today the specter of "technological unemployment" is clouding the [illegible] new world of machines. Many people in this and other countries have [illegible] displaced n[illegible] but by robots that have eased them [illegible] their jobs.

[illegible] far more menacing than just a job- [illegible]es will actually take over and run [illegible] victim of his own clever mechanical crea[illegible]aur did!

[illegible] idea of a peaceful joining of man and mac[illegible]ing man from chores like digging ditches and [illegible]arks [illegible] so that he can devote himself to solving [illegible] the important social and cultural problems of our time.

This is the problem of integration that Dr. Eckert, inventor of the electronic computer, was talking about. We can hope that the robot itself will help solve the problems it creates, for we need it desperately in our heavily populated and technologically complex world. Civilization with its banking, business, communications, manufacturing, and food-producing requirements is about to burst its seams. Already the robots are helping in these areas. Intelligently used, they can do much more. Perhaps some day in the future robots can even make war unnecessary, or at the very least club each other over the heads while humans sit at home in safety!

#9296

THE STANDARD OF LIVING

By Dorothy Parker

Annabel and Midge came out of the tea room with the arrogant slow gait of the leisured, for their Saturday afternoon stretched ahead of them. They had lunched, as was their wont, on sugar, starches, oils, and butterfats. Usually they ate sandwiches of spongy new white bread greased with butter and mayonnaise; they ate thick wedges of cake lying wet beneath ice cream and whipped cream and melted chocolate gritty with nuts. As alternates, they ate patties, sweating beads of inferior oil, containing bits of bland meat bogged in pale, stiffening sauce; they ate pastries, limber under rigid icing, filled with an indeterminate yellow sweet stuff, not still solid, not yet liquid, like salve that has been left in the sun. They chose no other sort of food, nor did they consider it. And their skin was like the petals of wood anemones, and their bellies were as flat and their flanks as lean as those of young Indian braves.

Annabel and Midge had been best friends almost from the day that Midge had found a job as stenographer with the firm that employed Annabel. By now, Annabel, two years longer in the stenographic department, had worked up to the wages of eighteen dollars and fifty cents a week; Midge was still at sixteen dollars. Each girl lived at home with her family and paid half her salary to its support.

The girls sat side by side at their desks, they lunched together every noon, together they set out for home at the end of the day's work. Many of their evenings and most of their Sundays were passed in each [illegible]r's company. Often they were joined by two young men, but there [illegible] no steadiness to any such quartet; the two young men would give [illegible]ce, unlamented, to two other young men, and lament would have been [illegible]appropriate, really, since the newcomers were scarely distinguishable from their predecessors. Invariably the girls spent the fine idle hours of their hot-weather Saturday afternoons together. Constant use had not worn ragged the fabric of their friendship.

They looked alike, though the resemblance did not lie in their features. It was in the shape of their bodies, their movements, their style, and their adornments. Annabel and Midge did, and completely, all that young office workers are besought not to do. They painted their lips and their nails, they darkened their lashes and lightened their hair, and scent seemed to shimmer from them. They wore thin, bright dresses, tight over their breasts and high on their legs, and tilted slippers, fancifully strapped. They looked conspicuous and cheap and charming.

Now, as they walked across to Fifth Avenue with their skirts swirled by the hot wind, they received audible admiration. Young men grouped lethargically about newsstands awarded them murmurs, exclamations, even -- the ultimate tribute -- whistles. Annabel and Midge passed without the condescension of hurrying their pace; they held their heads higher and set their feet with exquisite precision, as if they stepped over the necks of peasants.

Always the girls went to walk on Fifth Avenue on their free afternoons, for it was the ideal ground for their favorite game. The game could be played anywhere, and, indeed, was, but the great shop windows stimulated the two players to their best form.

Annabel had invented the game; or rather she had evolved it from an old one. Basically, it was no more than the ancient sport of what-would-you-do-if-you-had-a-million dollars? But Annabel had drawn a new set of rules for it, had narrowed it, pointed it, made it stricter. Like all games, it was the more absorbing for being more difficult.

Annabel's version went like this: You must suppose that somebody dies and leaves you amillion dollars, cool. But there is a condition to the bequest. It is stated in the will that you must spend every nickel of the money on yourself.

There lay the hazard of the game. If, when playing it, you forgot, and listed among your expenditures the rental of a new apartment for your family, for example, you lost your turn to the other player. It was astonishing how many -- and some of them among the experts, too -- would forfeit all their innings by such slips.

It was essential, of course, that it be played in passionate seriousness. Each purchase must be carefully considered and, if necessary, supported by argument. There was no zest to playing wildly. Once Annabel had introduced the game to Sylvia, another girl who worked in the office. She explained the rules to Sylvia and then offered her the gambit "What would be the first thing you'd do?" Sylvia had not shown the decency of even a second of hesitation. "Well," she said, "the first thing I'd do, I'd go out and hire somebody to shoot Mrs. Gary Cooper, and then . . ." So it is to be seen that she was no fun.

But Annabel and Midge were surely born to be conrades, for Midge played the game like a master from the moment she learned it. It was she who added the touches that made the whole thing cozier. According to Midge's innovations, the eccentric who died and left you the money was not anybody you loved, or, for the matter of that, anybody you even knew. It was somebody who had seen you somewhere and had thought, "That girl ought to have lots of nice things. I'm going to leave her a million dollars when I die." And the death was to be neither untimely nor painful. Your benefactor, full of years and comfortably ready to depart was to slip softly away during sleep and go right to heaven. These embroideries permitted Annabel and Midge to play their game in the luxury of peaceful consciences.

Midge played with a seriousness that was not only proper but extreme. The single strain on the girls' friendship had followed an announcement once made by Annabel that the first thing she would buy with her million dollars would be a silver-fox coat. It was as if she had struck Midge across the mouth. When Midge recovered her breath, she cried that she couldn't imagine how Annabel could do such a thing -- silver-fox coats were common! Annabel defended her taste with the retort that they were not common, either. Midge then said that they were so. She added that everybody had a silver-fox coat. She went on, with perhaps a slight loss of head, to declare that she herself wouldn't be caught dead in silver fox.

For the next days, though the girls saw each other as constantly, their conversation was careful and infrequent, and they did not once play their game. Then one morning, as soon as Annabel entered the office, she came to Midge and said that she had changed her mind. She would not buy a silver-fox coat with any part of her million dollars. Immediately on receiving the legacy, she would select a coat of mink.

Midge smiled and her eyes shone. "I think," she said, "you're doing absolutely the right thing."

Now, as they walked along Fifth Avenue, they played the game anew. It was one of those days with which September is repeatedly cursed; hot and glaring, with slivers of dust in the wind. People drooped and shambled, but the girls carried themselves tall and walked a straight line, as befitted young heiresses on their afternoon promenade. There was no longer need for them to start the game at its formal opening. Annabel went direct to the heart of it.

"All right," she said. "So you've got this million dollars. So what would be the first thing you'd do?"

"Well, the first thing I'd do," Midge said, "I'd get a mink coat." But she said it mechanically, as if she were giving the memorized answer to an expected question.

"Yes," Annabel said, "I think you ought to. The terribly dark kind of mink." But she, too, spoke as if by rote. It was too hot; fur, no matter how dark and sleek and supple, was horrid to the thoughts.

They stepped along in silence for a while. Then Midge's eye was caught by a shop window. Cool, lovely gleamings were there set off by chaste and elegant darkness.

"No," Midge said, "I take it back. I wouldn't get a mink coat the first thing. Know what I'd do? I'd get a string of pearls. Real pearls."

Annabel's eyes turned to follow Midge's.

"Yes," she said, slowly. "I think that's a kind of a good idea. And it would make sense, too Because you can wear pearls with anything."

Together they went over to the shop window and stood pressed against it. It contained but one object -- a double row of great, even pearls clasped by a deep emerald around a little pink velvet throat.

"What do you suppose they cost?" Annabel said.

"Gee, I don't know," Midge said. "Plenty, I guess."

"Like a thousand dollars?" Annabel said.

"Oh, I guess like more," Midge said. "On account of the emerald."

"Well, like ten thousands dollars?" Annable said.

"Gee, I wouldn't even know," Midge said.

The devil nudged Annabel in the ribs. "Dare you to go in and price them," she said.

"Like fun!" Midge said.

"Dare you," Annabel said.

"Why, a store like this wouldn't even be open this afternoon," Midge said.

"Yes, it is so, too." Annabel said. "People just came out. And there's a doorman on. Dare you."

"Well," Midge said. "But you've got to come too."

They tendered thanks, icily, to the doorman for ushering them into the shop. It was cool and quiet, a broad, gracious room with paneled walls and soft carpet. But the girls wore expressions of bitter disdain, as if they stood in a sty.

A slim, immaculate clerk came to them and bowed. His neat face showed no astonishment at their appearance.

"Good afternoon," he said. He implied that he would never forget it if they would grant him the favor of accepting his soft-spoken greeting.

"Good afternoon," Annabel and Midge said together, and in like freezing accents.

"Is there something --?" the clerk said.

"Oh, we're just looking," Annabel said. It was as if she flung the words down from a dais.

The clerk bowed.

"My friend and myself merely happened to be passing," Midge said, and stopped, seeming to listen to the phrase. "My friend here and myself," she went on, "merely happened to be wondering how much are those pearls you've got in your window."

"Ah, yes," the clerk said. "The double rope. That is two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, Madam."

"I see," Midge said.

The clerk bowed. "An exceptionally beautiful necklace," he said. "Would you care to look at it?"

"No, thank you," Annabel said.

"My friend and myself merely happened to be passing," Midge said.

They turned to go; to go, from their manner, where the tumbrel awaited them. The clerk sprang ahead and opened the door. He bowed as they swept by him.

The girls went on along the Avenue and disdain was still on their faces.

"Honestly!" Annabel said. "Can you imagine a thing like that?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars!" Midge said. "That's a quarter of a million dollars right there!"

"He's got his nerve!" Annabel said.

They walked on. Slowly the disdain went, slowly and completely as if drained from them, and with it went the regal carriage and tread. Their shoulders dropped and they dragged their feet; they bumped against each other, without notice or apology, and caromed away again. They were silent and their eyes were cloudy.

Suddenly Midge straightened her back, flung her head high, and spoke, clear and strong.

"Listen, Annabel," she said. "Look. Suppose there was this terribly rich person, see? You don't know this person, but this person has seen you somewhere and wants to do something for you. Well, it's a terribly old person, see? And so this person dies, just like going to sleep, and leaves you ten million dollars. Now what would be the first thing you'd do?"

Dorothy Parker is possibly better known as a writer of verse than as a writer of the short story, though she has done distinguished work in both. Her collected poems are to be found in a volume titled Not so Deep As a Well (1936), and her stories in Here Lies (1939). But she has also written drama, drama criticism, autobiographical reminiscences, and motion picture scenarios. Some of the terse drama reviews she wrote about plays on the staff of The New Yorker in the first years of that magazine's history. She became a legend because of the reputed quality of her wit, and many of the remarks she is supposed to have made (it is hard to believe she said them all) can be found in the book of a friend of hers, Alexander Woolcott, While Rome Burns.

While her verse is, for the most part, light, dealing with a limited number of themes (chiefly getting in and out of love), her short stories are another matter. In most of these Mrs. Parker is serious indeed; in "Clothe the Naked," "A Study in Black-and White," "Big Blonde," "Soldiers of the Republic" and "The Standard of Living," she is dealing with some of the major problems of modern living. With admirable economy -- not a word is wasted -- she helps us to see the terror of a blind child in a hostile world, the insensitivity of a rich society woman in the presence of a great Negro artist, the tawdriness of modern bad taste, and, with consummate poignancy, the childlike loneliness of men at war.

"The Standard of Living" is another of those stories in which nothing much seems to happen. Two stenographers in New York play a little game of fantasy as they go to lunch each day. Then suddenly it seems to them that maybe one part of the fantasy could become real. They go into a store and price a necklace. The illusion is shattered, and in the story there are several moments of silence that act on the reader more devastatingly than anything the girls might have said. But the fantasy is persistent; within another moment they are back at the game.

Mrs. Parker has made her point. A number of critics have said that the most constant subject in American fiction is the conflict between illusion and reality, between what seems to be and what really is. Possibly we could go even further and say that this theme is at the heart of all great pieces of literature. At any rate, it forms the substance of this quiet but truly moving story about the dreams of present-day people in the huge commercialism of metropolitan life.

#9297

Extract from "The People, Yes"
By Carl Sandburg

The cauliflower is a cabbage with a college education.
All she needs for housekeeping is a can opener.
They'll fly high if you give them wings.
Put all your eggs in one basket and watch that basket.
Everybody talks about the weather and nobody does anything
about it.
The auk flies backward so as to see where it's been.
Handle with care women and glass.
Women and linen look best by candlelight.
One hair of a woman draws more than a team of horses.
Blessed are they who expect nothing for they shall not be
disappointed.
You can send a boy to college but you can't make him think.
The time to sell is when you have a customer.
Sell the buffalo hide after you have killed the buffalo.
The more you fill a barrel the more it weighs unless you fill it
with holes.
A pound of iron or a pound of feathers weighs the same.
Those in fear they may cast pearls before swine are often lacking
in pearls.
May you live to eat the hen that scratches over your grave.
He seems to think he's the frog's tonsils but he looks to me like
a plugged nickel.
If you don't like the coat bring back the vest and I'll give you
a pair of pants.
The coat and the pants do the work but the vest gets the gravy.
"You are singing an invitation to summer," said the teacher,
"you are not defying it to come."

#926[illegible]

MAN'S WORK? WOMAN'S WORK? NOT NOW

By Marg Zack, Staff Writer
Minneapolis Tribune, January 28, 1973

The person who repairs your car next time may not fit the male stereotype because the garage mechanic may be a she rather than a he. Or, dinner aboard an airliner now could be served by a young man, not a stewardess.

And the person who parks your car at a restaurant, mixes you a drink in a cocktail lounge or delivers the mail may be female, while the telephone operator who answers your call for assistance might be a man.

As sex barriers are broken down, both men and women are seeking jobs in nontraditional fields. Men are becoming nurses, secretaries, elementary-school teachers and child-care-center workers.

Women are seeking jobs outside these traditionally female careers.

In the Twin Cities, there are few male secretaries, but this may be because men are more apt to be called administrative assistants or office managers than secretaries.

There are 12 men in the 29,000-member National Secretaries Association and, according to the president of the local chapter, most of these are from the East Coast.

At Northwestern Bell Telephone Co., women are working as framemen, switchmen, installers, repairmen, linemen and watchmen, although the job titles have not yet been changed to indicate they may be held by persons of either sex.

Men are operators, service representatives, clerks and typist.

Stewards are becoming a more common sight on the airlines. A spokesman for Northwest Airlines said the company has had male cabin attendants (a term it prefers to use rather than steward and stewardess) for about 20 years. Approximately 150 of the 1,750 cabin attendants are men.

Sex-role changes are less pronounced in some jobs.

Tobey Lapakko, tade-union-relations representative for the Minnesota Department of Manpower Services, said that organized labor has few women in leadership positions. Unions such as the teachers and public employees, which have many female members, have few women leaders.

"It bothers me that women are not seeking leadership roles," Mrs. Lapakko said. "Women have the ability and must begin to assert themselves as bona fide members of a union.

"It's not that women are being held back from the opportunity to become officers. I don't know what their hesitancy is."

Mrs. Lapakko is involved with apprenticeship programs, serves as a resource for labor groups and speaks to schools and other groups about the labor movement.

Since her name does not indicate her sex, Mrs. Lapakko said some groups that have asked her to speak are surprised to learn she's a woman.

"Some think that no one could speak to or about the blue-collar trades except a man," Mrs. Lapakko said.

She has long been involved in the labor movement. During World War II she worked as a welder and in a meat-packing plant.

"During World War II when the need was there, women worked. But when the war was over, most went back into their homes. But young women today seeking training are going to really break down the barriers," she said.

She cited several reasons why women may not be seeking jobs in the trades even though, she said, apprenticeships are available.

"Maybe women have been so indoctrinated about their role that they are afraid to break out. There might be a carry-over of the stereotype that labor has closed its doors to certain groups," she said.

Also, Mrs. Lapakko said, some women are afraid to be "out in front," and some are afraid of peer reaction and the treatment form men.

Nationally, educators are becoming conscious of the need to recruit females into traditionally male jobs such as engineering. Educators have become critical of themselves because in the past they've funneled women into traditional jobs," she said.

HER FUTURE IS BRIGHTER IN AUTO REPAIR

Elizabeth Evans worked at many typically women's jobs, such as a cashier, switchboard operator and file clerk, before she moved into the men's world of automotive repair.

She now is a service adviser of Countryside Volkswagen, 1180 E. Hwy. 36, Maplewood.

Her job involves test-driving cars, determining what repairs need to be made and checking to see that the mechanics have completed the work. But she has never been a mechanic.

"Through training and experience, you can inform people what's wrong with their car without having the ability to fix it," Ms. Evans said.

She broke out of the usual jobs because she wanted better wages and more interesting work with the opportunity for advancement.

"There's a lot of things I could do that would be easier," she said. "It's not always nice working outdoors in bad weather."

She began in the automotive field by working as a cashier for a dealership. She became familiar with service work.

She attended a week's training session in Chicago for her job, the first woman to take the course.

Ms. Evans said that at times she has encountered discrimination but looks upon it as something to be overcome.

She said she has always enjoyed working with men. "Men choose their jobs, and for them it's a career. Women get thrown into jobs and often don't like them," she explained.

Women more often than men are apt to question Ms. Evans's ability.

"One woman asked me how I would know anything about a starter," she said.

Ms. Evans said she thinks everyone should have some knowledge of cars, if not for repairing them at least for explaining to a service adviser what seems to be wrong.

MAN ACCEPTED AS HOME EC TEACHER

As a high school home-economics teacher, Carl Savick is definitely in a women's world.

Although male instructors in home economics at the college level are not unusual, Savick is the only man teaching the subject on the high school level in Minnesota.

He is one of seven home-economics teachers at St. Paul's Harding High School and teaches basic foods, ~~nutrition~~ and commercial cookery.

Savick grew up in the restaurant business in Kiester, Minnesota, where his parents operate a cafe. After high school, he took motel-hotel training, and then went to Mankato State College for a business degree and a few food courses.

"I soon found I liked the food classes better than business so I decided to major in foods," he said.

He graduated with a bachelor of science degree in 1969 (the first man to receive a home-economics degree at Mankato) and went back into the restaurant business.

"The restaurant was a place for kids to hang out, and I became interested in them," Savick said. "I decided to go back to school for a teaching degree."

There were no oohs, aahs or questions from the students at Harding when they saw that their home-economics teacher was a man, Savick said.

"People are not as hung up on male-female roles any more," he said.

His classes are about half male, half female.

Although he now teaches foods, Savick said he really would rather teach family relations.

"Men are as much a part of a family as are women," he said. "The average high school boy doesn't get any information on marriage, the family or changing family roles. And if he does marry, he probably will be sharing in household duties."

TRAINED IN TV REPAIR, SHE PUMPS GAS INSTEAD

Marie Kochaver, trained in television repair, is working 40 hours a week in a service station, pumping gas and doing basic maintenance work.

And she works a few hours a week repairing TV's.

Previously, she has worked at a lot of jobs -- waitress, nursing home aide, swimming teacher, hospital kitchen employee, post office worker. She's been in VISTA, worked as a community organizer and been in the feminist movement.

Through high school and two years of college, Ms. Kochaver didn't know what she wanted to do. She did know she didn't want a typical office job.

It was through the Concentrated Employment Program that she had an opportunity to go to trade school. Her choice was electronics so she enrolled at Elkins Institute.

She hasn't found a full-time job in TV repair, which she would like.

"I've answered almost every ad in the paper, stopped in shops to leave applications and gone to employment agencies," she said.

She does know that some of her classmates found jobs, but she said chances might be better if she had taken a two-year rather than six-month training course.

No one has told her outright they wouldn't hire a woman.

She has, however, heard many reasons why a woman shouldn't be a TV repair person: The TV sets are heavy to lift. She'd have to drive a truck. She'd have to make service calls, and a woman might be the object of violence.

Much of the mistrust of her ability as a repair person or mechanic is from other women, she said.

"Women are so conditioned to think they are dumb so they think I must be too," Ms. Kochaver said.

There is a masculine mystique surrounding electronics and car repair, she said.

"Men want to keep these things to themselves," she said. "It makes them feel superior if they can do something women can't. And having this mystique is good for business. It keeps people from questioning high prices for repairs because they think they couldn't do it."

She worked in a gas station last year, and found her present job through a newspaper ad.

One of the assumptions many have about women working as a mechanic is that it's not their type of work because a woman wouldn't want to get dirty.

The stations that hire women aren't really interested in providing equal opportunities for them, Ms. Kochaver said. It's still an exploitation of women, similar to using female car hops at drive-in restaurants.

MAN FINDS IT EASY TO GET JOB AS DENTAL HYGIENIST

By tradition and law, the field of dental hygiene once was closed to men.

The Dental Practice Act in Minnesota stated that women could be licensed to practice dental hygiene. The act was changed in 1969 to permit men to be licensed as well.

Now, there are two men licensed as dental hygienists.

Bill Lindig graduated from the two-year program at the University of Minnesota last spring and now works in the Twin Cities.

"I had no problem finding a job," he said.

In fact, he said, when he was interviewing for jobs, some dentists said they'd had such a turnover of female dental hygienists that they would like to hire a man.

Lindig entered the field because his sister, who is a hygienist, suggested it. Lindig said that after two years of college and the military he wasn't sure that he wanted to do and dental hygiene sounded interesting.

Salaries for hygienists are good -- better than for some beginning teachers with a four-year degree, Lindig said.

Some of his duties as a hygienist are cleaning teeth, giving oral hygiene and preventive dentistry instructions and taking x-rays.

One question he often is asked is whether he wants to become a dentist.

"I want to work a year or two in the field before I decide," he said.

Patients sometimes do think he's a dentist (they don't think that of the female hygientist he works with) even though he always explains what his job is.

"I'll explain I'm a hygienist, do the work, and some patients will still say 'Thank you, doctor' when they leave," he said.

WOMAN IN ELECTRONICS GETS 'ODD JOB FOR A GIRL' COMMENTS

One day while working at her job as a receptionist and key operator for a law firm, Kathy Arndt asked a repair man fixing one of the office machines what education the job required.

She was told she would need fundamental electronics, which she could take at St. Paul Technical Vocational Institute.

She called the school immediately and was told registration was closing that day for a class that would start the next week. The next week, she was in the electronics class.

Seven months ago, she began working for Xerox Corporation, repairing telecopy machines in business offices. She is one of nine women in the country doing that job.

Miss Arndt said she had wanted to change jobs to get out of the office routine and to make more money.

"I was at the bottom of the totem pole," she said. "You get a lot of work there but not much responsibility."

She said she can claim no life-long interest in electronics and when she was in school she wasn't sure what she wanted to do.

"I thought I'd be a model or a housewife," she said. "Instead, I'm single and working on machines."

Miss Arndt still works part-time as a model and singer.

"I like to dabble in music and modeling, but I get more satisfaction from using my brain," she said.

There have been times, she said, when she is questioned about her job when a man wouldn't be.

"Some people say to me, 'Why are you doing this? It's a strange job for a girl to have.' They'd never say it was a strange job for a man," she said.

Miss Arndt enjoys her job but is still looking to the future.

"I think air conditioning and refrigeration sound rather lucrative," she said.

#9299

THE WIDE WORLD OF WORK

(MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE, December 5, 1971)

WHERE WILL JOHNNY AND JANIE FIT BEST?

A movement is under way to make "career development" a major theme -- perhaps the most important theme -- of American education. Its advocates are trying to install it in the curriculum from kindergarten through 12th grade for all students in all schools.

Career development, also known as career education, is a plan for making students knowledgeable about the "world of work" -- what certain workers do, how their jobs fit in the economy, how certain goods and services are provided, what general areas of occupations exist, how labor and management operate, what training is required for certain jobs and what the satisfactions and dissatisfactions are.

Career development is still in its infancy, and it is a distant prospect indeed that career development -- or anything else -- will conquer America's decentralized educational system. But the idea has caught on with unusual speed in the past year or so and has suffered few, if any, setbacks.

Career development enthusiasts contend that the system will prepare students to make intelligent choices in their careers and their training for careers instead of leaving the choices to chance. They say a student should be ready to make a choice whenever he leaves his formal schooling, whether it is as a 10th-grade dropout, a high school graduate, a college dropout or a college graduate.

In the process of considering the choices, the argument goes, a young peroon will develop his sense of individual worth because he will see how he can be valuable to the world and to himself.

Career development is not supposed to be added to the curriculum. It is to be "integrated" into virtually everything currently taught, with the result that classroom learning will finally become relevant. If a math problem, a science experiment, an English essay, a health lesson or anything else can be presented in terms of the world of work, the student will listen, the career development supporters say. The dropout rate will decline and absenteeism will diminish, they add.

Another objective is to give young people a healthy respect for work, particularly blue-collar work. Backers of career development would like to wipe out occupational class distinction -- the mentality that says an accountant is somehow a better person than a plumber.

Career development is being pushed by people at all levels of the educational order. And heading the list is the U.S. commissioner of education, Sidney P. Marland Jr., who has made career education his top priority since he took office one year ago. The U.S. Office of Education has allocated $30 million for career education projects this year and Marland has promised more.

(Career education is the term generally used in federal circles while state and local people in Minnesota favor career development.)

Minnesota's commissioner of education, Howard B. Casmey, has said it is his goal that, by 1975, every secondary student in the state will have the opportunity to be exposed to a wide range of occupations.

All fifty state directors of vocational education, who met in Las Vegas, Nevada, in September, adopted a statement urging that career education be given a high priority in all public and private education.

Action in career development is occurring in every state and, although Minnesota has a number of projects under way, it is not considered to be in the forefront of the national movement.

The states selected by the U.S. Office of Education to develop career curriculums in specific fields are California (public service), Ohio (transportation), Oregon (communications), New Jersey (manufacturing) and Texas (construction), because those states previously had partially developed curriculums in those areas.

Six school districts, all of which had prior experience in career development, were chosen for major federal grants to develop kindergarden-through-12th-grade curriculums. They are Atlanta, Ga.; Hackensack, N.J.; Jefferson County, Colo.; Pontiac, Mich.; Los Angeles, Calif., and Mesa, Ariz.

The Arizona Legislature this year appropriated $2 million to launch career development across the state. In New Jersey, the legislature last year appropriated $350,000 for three experimental projects, and Gov. William T. Cahil is trying this year to make it a statewide movement. In Delaware, which has only 26 school districts, a suggested career curriculum is being drawn up with the aim of installing it statewide within five years.

In Minnesota, career development has been going on for several years in scattered places, such as Mrs. Carol Jagusch's second-grade class at Washington Elementary School in Stillwater and the fifth grade at Humboldt Heights Elementary School in Bloomington under the leadership of Mrs. Judy Backen. The Robbinsdale School District has been holding career development training courses for teachers for four years.

And this fall ten school districts received small federal grants to develop plans. The districts are Brooklyn Center, Cloquet, Osseo, Owatonna, Red Wing, Roseville, Willmar, Winona, Brainerd and Golden Valley.

Exactly how much career development is going on is not known, but the State Department of Education plans to make a survey soon fo find out.

Career development is not "vocational education," and to say that they are the same thing is probably the easiest way to irritate a career development enthusiast. But vocational education, which is the term for the traditional job-oriented skills courses in high school, is definitely a part of career development for any student whose career plans call for skills training before he leaves high school.

The career development idea has existed for many years, but it has caught fire just recently because of several historical factors.

It is emerging at a time when a significant number of college graduates are out of work and when come graduates who are working find they are earning less than skilled tradesman.

Career development also has gained ground because businessmen are disgruntled about the supply of workers they have been getting from the schools, despite the money that has been poured into expanded vocational education programs since 1963. In addition, businessmen are complaining about the attitudes that many young people have toward work.

It comes at a time when the value of collegiate education is being questioned from both the left and the right and when schools are coming under increasing criticism for the heavy emphasis they have placed on preparing most students for college. Career developers have nothing against college if it is necessary to train for a career, but they contend that schools have made college a career goal in itself.

And career development has emerged in an era of concern about the self-identity of individuals in America's technological society. One prime objective of nearly every career development plan is the nurturing of self-esteem and the meaningful use of leisure time.

"A career is the total aspect of man," said Charles Harwood, occupational director of the Roseville schools. "It contains both his vocational and avocational interests -- his total way of seeing himself, not just what he does from eight to four."

MATH RELATED TO JOB OF FORESTER

"What I want is freedom -- the woods, trails, camping, hunting, clean air, fishing -- anything outside."

That sounds more like the beginning of a sophomore English theme paper than a come-on for a mathematics lesson. But it's the opening line for one exercise titled "Forestry Technician," in a new mathematics curriculum at Armstrong High School in the Robbinsdale school district.

But what does it have to do with mathematics?

For Tom Fridgen, an 11th grader at Armstrong, it has a lot to do with math because he sees himself in the image of the leading character of the forestry technician exercise. (The character is a young man named Forrest, but all his friends call him Smokie.)

There are 52 occupations to choose from in the new math curriculum, and Fridgen chose the forestry technician because, "I thought it would be rather interesting because it would be outdoors. And I'd rather be outdoors than cooped up in an office."

The five-page printed saga of Smokie tells how the young man got interested in the life of a forestry technician and, after checking into the training required, enrolled in a university extension course in that subject. His first lesson when he went out into the field for training was to mark trees for selective cutting.

That's where the mathematics comes in.

Smokie (and Tom Fridgen) had to figure out the cross-section area of the trees on a certain acre of forest land so that the trees could be thinned out to the recommended 90 square feet.

Fridgen's instructor, Richard Michalicek, one of the teachers who wrote the lesson, went to his father's farm this summer and counted the trees on one acre to add a touch of reality.

To find the area of a tree's cross-section, the first step is to divide the circumference by 3.14 to determine the diameter. The diameter is halved to get the radius. The radius is squared and multiplied by 3.14 to find the area. When the area is computed for each tree, the areas are added up and, by a process of subtraction, it can be determined which trees should be cut to reduce the total of the cross-sections to 90 square feet.

It was a lot of work, but Smokie didn't mind. "Working with nature -- great," he said.

Fridgen liked it, too. "I like this a lot better," he said. "I'm getting more out of it than if I had read it out of a textbook. It seems like when you're doing it you're working on something that could occur."

Michalicek leveled with Fridgen by telling him that a forestry technician doesn't have to put a tape measure around every tree and then work out the mathematics. Rangers have calipers to measure the trees and a table to determine the cross-section area. But somebody had to work out the arithmetic for the table first, said Michalicek.

IS IT ALL JUST A MATTER OF DEGREE?

Seldom in American education has a teacher dared discuss the relative merits of the occupations of college professor and garbage collector. Schools have not been interested in producing garbage collectors, not even good ones.

But Gregory Logacz brought up that subject one day in his fifth grade class at Lake Owasso School in Roseville as part of his career development program. Logacz is one of several teachers in Roseville who are drawing up a career development curriculum under a federally funded project and one of their goals is to teach respect for work of all kinds.

He got about the response he expected when he asked which is the better job. Twenty-five students voted for the college professor and two chose the garbage collector. ("Garbage smells terrible," was the basis of one girl's choice.)

Logacz went on to ask what training each job requires and what service each performs. The students knew more about the functions of the garbage collector, but they still gave him a low rating when it came to the question of which is more respected.

But when Logacz asked which is more important to the community, the garbage collectors of the world were vindicated by a vote of 25 to 2.

After making certain the students realized that both types of workers are necessary, Logacz passed out a worksheet that listed 15 occupations.

The students were asked to rank the occupations from the highest-paid to the lowest and then to arrange them again in the order that the students thought they should be ranked. The results were about the same: the students generally thought that white-collar workers are paid most and they thought they should be paid the most.

But when asked how much each worker is paid, the students showed they had little concept of salary amounts or about the comparisons among salaries. They were astonished when Logacz passed out a sheet listing the correct salaries, which showed that some tradesmen are earning more than some white-collar employees.

Meanwhile, down the hall in Mrs. Elaine Hummel's fourth-grade class, the students went through an exercise in which they listed goods and services their families use. After they listed all they could think of, they were told to pretend that the breadwinner had lost his job and the family would have to do without some of the goods and services.

That led to a discussion of the difference between the items that families buy individually and the things, such as Mrs. Hummel's salary, that society pays for collectively. From there, the discussion moved to welfare for people who are out of work -- one girl called it "aid to independent children."

At North Heights Elementary School, also in Roseville, Mrs. Suzanne Laurich has used career development with her first graders. She said that, in the first week of school, she talked with the students about what the word work means and about what good workers must do (listen and follow directions).

The students then brought letters from their parents which described the occupations of the parents and the habits and skills needed for those jobs. The students themselves wrote picture letters to apply for various classroom jobs.

42201

MONEY ON MORGAN

By Robert Westerby

We stood around behind the pits, Danny and me, waiting for Morgan to arrive. It was hot. The sun bounced off the white boards and made us sizzle. I could feel the sweat running down my back between my shoulder blades.

Danny looked at his watch. "He'll have to be here soon," he said. "He's late now."

"He knows what he's doing," I said. "Morgan's no fool."

Danny just looked at me. "Think so?" he said. "I hope you're right."

I began looking around. Most of the other cars were being wheeled out onto the track now, and the stands were nearly filled up. They would be starting the first race in just ten minutes.

I watched the boys in the next pit. They had their motor started, and the exhaust filled the air with the stinking blue smoke that went up your nose and into your mouth until you could taste it. The driver was sitting on the edge of the pit swinging his legs. He was Patello, a dark-haired Italian.

Danny tapped me on the arm. "Here he is," he said. "Here's Morgan."

I looked around. Morgan was walking along behind the pits toward us. He had his overalls on and was tightening the belt around his waist.

"Where you been?" Danny said. "What do you think you're doing?"

Morgan tried to look surprised. He was a little guy and very tough. His face was always tan, and his hair was so black it was nearly blue. A lot of people said that he and Patello were the best drivers in the country.

"Listen, you got to watch yourself, Morgan," Danny said. "We're not paying you money to kick around. Where you been?"

Morgan scowled. "I got a late start," he said. "But you don't ever need to worry about me."

"Oh, we don't? Well, that's fine," Danny said. "Listen, you better slow down on your night life, kid. The Boss don't like you playing around the way you do, see? You get good money and you got to earn it the way we like."

"And when we say 1:30 at the track, we mean just that, see, kid?" I said.

Morgan grinned. He never minded me.

The mechanics were pushing up our car now, and we turned to look at it. It was long and slim with black paint and silver wheels. It looked pretty sharp in the sunshine and pretty wicked, too.

"How's it going?" Danny asked Morgan.

Morgan looked sideways at him. "Going okay. We got that engine working right," he said.

"Good. We can't afford a slip-up," Danny said. "Not today."

"Going to win it, kid?" I said.

Morgan grinned. "Sure. I'll win it. Patello's going well, though."

"How well?" Danny asked. "We don't want no mistakes, I told you."

"You don't have to worry," Morgan said. "I'll win it!"

We watched him put on his helmet and climb into the seat. He didn't even answer when I shouted good luck.

"Come on," Danny said. "We better go."

We pushed through the crowd and went up the stairs into the stands. There were a lot of people and more noise. The Boss was sitiing beside a little guy in a gray suit and hat. He introduced the man as Mr. Rogers.

"Hello, Mr. Rogers," I said. "Glad to know you."

Rogers just nodded. He was a thin little weasel with a wrinkled face and thick glasses. He had a diamond pin in his tie.

"What the hell was Morgan doing?" the Boss asked Danny.

"Said he got a late start," Danny said.

"He say anything about the race to you?" the Boss asked me.

"Sure he did. Says he'll win it. Says it's in the bag," I said.

The Boss nodded. "Fine," he said. "He ought to win it, all right."

"There's Patello, though," Danny said. "Morgan says he's going well."

"Yeah, I don't like Patello," the Boss said slowly. "I don't like him. But I don't think he'll win today. Our mechanics say our car's perfect."

Rogers tapped my arm. "What's all this?" he said. "Your boy think he'll win?"

I nodded. "Sure. He'll win it. It's in the bag."

The Boss spoke up. "Mr. Rogers is talking about buying a share in the car," he said. "But he wants to see today's cleanup first."

The Boss laughed and we laughed. Rogers didn't laugh.

The warning buzzer went off, and the twenty cars were wheeled out into line. Patello was in position 3. Morgan was next to him in 4. A lot of the other drivers were from the East Coast. They were guys we didn't know much about.

"Patello's carrying all the smart money," Rogers said.

The Boss smiled. "We'll soon see who has the smart money," he said. "I got a thousand on Morgan and I don't like losing."

It was to be a race of fifty laps from a moving start. We watched silently as the cars came rolling down the straightaway, keeping roughly in position and heading for the starter.

The flag was dropped and they were off.

The cars roared down the straightaway and into the first turn. Morgan was there, about two lengths ahead of the others. He went to the outside on the turn, his back wheels screeching on the track. On the next curve he gained more ground, and as they came past the stands, Morgan was four lengths ahead.

As the cars went into the curve again, Patello moved up a bit. Then in the far straightaway he passed Morgan and took the lead. When they came past the stands at the end of the second lap, Patello was still leading Morgan.

I looked at the Boss. He was dead pan and showed nothing. Rogers was leaning forward in his seat. Danny was glaring down at the track. Danny had bet heavy -- probably too heavy, and he was a tough loser.

For the rest of the laps, it seemed that Patello and Morgan changed leads nearly every time around. There were less than two lengths between them the whole way. Patello's car always pulled ahead on the straightaways, and on every curve Morgan caught up and passed him. The strain on Morgan's wrists as he fought the skid on the curves must have been terrible. But he seemed to have control of the car all the time.

"By God, that boy's all right," Rogers said. "I never saw this done better by anyone."

The Boss didn't say anything. His fist was punching up and down on his knee. He had a lot of money on Morgan, too.

Patello and Morgan started on the last lap. By this time the other cars were far behind. A couple of the drivers had even dropped out. Patello gave it the gun and got out in front. They went around the curve, and now Morgan got clear. Patello's car wagged a bit, and Morgan cut over to the outside and passed him on the far straightaway.

They went around the bank of the last curve almost together, and the crowd stood up screaming. It looked as if their cars would touch for certain. But somehow Morgan kept clear and came onto the straightaway leading by a length.

"He'll do it," I yelled out. "He'll do it . . . do it . . . Look! Look! Look!"

Danny threw his hat in the air and grabbed the Boss by the arm. "He's done it. He's won!"

The two cars roared over the line almost together. It was as tight a finish as you'd want to see.

I looked at the Boss for a second, but he had jumped up, his eyes staring. Down at the end of the striaghtaway people began to scream.

Morgan and Patello were close together as they began braking their speeds. Morgan was still on the outside. They were slowing, but still moving plenty fast as they reached the curve. Morgan looked around. Patello was rattled. He was sliding a bit, and suddenly his front wheel touched Morgan's.

The cars swung apart, bouncing like golf balls. Patello spun around twice, missing the rest of the cars by inches and a miracle. He swung to the inside, banged into the curb, and his car stopped dead. But Morgan went on up the bank of the curve and hit the outside wall. A front wheel snapped off almost at once, and the car skidded around as the axle dropped.

Morgan was thrown out of the car, but somehow his leg got caught. And he got dragged. He got dragged for thirty yards, until the car turned over and caught fire. Morgan never had a chance. Maybe you never saw a man die that way. And if you haven't, you better believe me you don't want to because it isn't pretty.

We all stood there watching, and we couldn't do anything. Everyone was screaming and yelling, and the black smoke and the stink poured across the whold place like a fog.

I stood there and I thought about young Morgan -- about the way he drove, the way he grinned when he spoke to me, the way he never minded how I kidded him. He was about twenty-three years old. It was terrible to think about. He was only a kid. . . .

We went back to town in the Boss' big Buick. Danny drove and I sat in back with the Boss. He was slouched down in the corner, staring out the window. We went a long way without anybody saying a word.

Then I said, "It's no good worrying, Boss. I know how you feel. So does Danny. Morgan's death was a god-awful thing. We all know that. But it's no good going on thinking about it."

The Boss turned his head and just looked at me. Then he laughed in a sour sort of way.

"No," he said, "I don't have to worry. Oh, no! You're telling me Morgan's death was a god-awful thing to happen. Do you think that's all I'm worried about? Why, that car set me back sixty thousand dollars -- and what's it now? A heap of burned-out junk. Sixty thousand bucks,-- and a dead loss! What's the matter with you? Don't you understand how I feel?"

#9302

FOOTBALL INJURIES

UPSET THE ODDS

By Dave Anderson

As his teammates hurried out of the huddle, quarterback Joe Namath of the New York Jets got ready for another pass play. This was a practice drill, and Namath was supposed to get rid of the football within three seconds. If he held onto the ball longer than that in a real game, the other team would slam him to the ground.

At the snap of the ball, the coach clicked on his stopwatch. Namath shuffled back behind his line and looked around for someone in the clear. But his receivers were closely guarded. There was no one he could throw to. Three seconds went by. The coach blew his whistle, and Namath's teammates laughed.

"They just got to you, Joe."

"Yeah, Joe, you just got creamed."

"Which hospital should we send you to?"

"Lenox Hill is nice."

Namath smiled. He knew all about Lenox Hill Hospital in New York. He had already been there for a knee operation.

To a kid, football is fun. But to a professional player, football is business -- the business of knocking people down. The more people he knocks down, the more money he is paid. The truth is that in pro football, injuries add to the game's appeal. When a player is smashed to the ground, the spectators feel that they are getting their money's worth.

Since injuries are always expected, the teams are prepared for them. At every game there is an ambulance near the field. On the sidelines there are stretchers and splints and a supply of oxygen. Pro football is not as dangerous as auto racing or bullfighting or mountain climbing, where a bad accident means death. But in pro football an accident can mean the end of a player's football season, and sometimes the end of his career.

Each pro team spends more than $50,000 a season for medical bills. And the price keeps going up. "We're having more injuries each season," says NFL (National Football League) Commissioner Pete Rozelle. "We used to get by with 33-man teams. Now we need 40 men. The players keep getting bigger, and since they're bigger, they cause more damage."

But it's not the money that worries the teams. It's what injuries can do to their performance. Championships can be won or lost on the operating table of a hospital. Take the Baltimore Colts, for example. One year they seemed to have the NFL Western Division title all sewed up. But in two late-season games, injuries wiped out the two Colt quarterbacks. In the title game with the Green Bay Packers, the Colts had to use a halfback, Tom Matte, as their quarterback. Matte just wasn't able to carry out his team's plays as well as a regular quarterback, and the Colts lost the game.

When footaall players trot across your TV screen in the pre-game introductions, they seem to be in great physical condition. Muscular. Powerful. In perfect health. Most of them are. But some of them are hurting. One might have a leg taped from the hip to the ankle to protect a pulled muscle. Another might be wearing a brace to protect an injurid shoulder. A quarterback might be wearing an aluminum vest over some cracked ribs. Joe Namath has often worn a clumsy metal-and-rubber brace strapped to his right knee.

One of the commandments of professional football is, "You play with the small hurts" -- an idea made famous by Vince Lombardi when he coached the Green Bay Packers. Lombardi called a small hurt an injury which is painful but not disabling, or which has healed to the point where it can't be injured further by playing. His Packers obeyed the commandment. Paul Hornung used to wear a neck support to ease the stabbing pain of a pinched nerve. Kim Ringo once had fourteen boils on his body frozen and bandaged so he could play.

Coaches handle injured players in different ways. "With some," says one coach, "you have to make them feel you're counting on them. You tell them, 'I know you'll be there on Sunday.' With others you've got to needle them, make them a little ashamed. I had one player, if he had a cold, I'd say, 'That's all right, we'll get some ice cream on the field for you.' With another kind I'd say, 'Get a good rest,' and I knew he wouldn't dare rest because he was afraid somebody would steal his job."

How a college player performs when he's in pain often decides if he will get picked by the pros. Every pro scout knows that a prospect who doesn't bounce back after an injury won't last long at training camp. One scout says, "We watch these prospects closely. As soon as we see them babying themselves too much, they're out. We don't want them around."

When football men are talking about injuries, they say, "He's got a shoulder." Or "a finger." But the worst of all possible words is "knee." The threat of a knee injury terrifies a coach. "The knee," says one doctor, "was not made for football. When a player digs his shoe cleats into the ground, any kind of a twisting motion tears the muscles and ligaments."

Most players can return to football even after they get a knee injury. Not as good as new, but they're playing. But one who was not able to return was Roger Kochman.

Kochman was a rookie halfback with the Buffalo Bills in 1963 when he took a handoff and headed up the field. He was hit by Dudley Meredith, a 270-pound Houston Oiler lineman. Kochman recalls, "I tried to twist away so I could fall forward." His cleats, however, were planted in the ground. "My body was twisted around, with Meredith driving me back, when somebody else hit me on the side. One of the doctors told me later it was like somebody slicing my knee with a knife."

At the hospital the doctors thought that Kockman might have to lose his leg. They operated and saved it, but his blood circulation was blocked. He needed six more operations. In one of them he lost three toes and part of his foot. He spent three months in the hospital. He never played football again.

"But I'm not bitter at football," he says. "Injuries are part of the game. I took my chances and lost."

Greg Larson, a former New York Giant center, nearly ended his career in the same way. In 1964 his right knee was wrecked by a hard block. Larson was carried off the field. The next day he underwent surgery. Several weeks later a doctor told him to forget about football. "I've never seen a knee like yours work out. I suggest you retire from the game."

After Larson's cast was taken off, his knee was still stiff. But he was determined to play football again. He spent four to five hours every day bending and strengthening the knee. When he reproted to training camp the next year, he was still limping. But by the end of the season, he was the Giant's regular center again. Not as fast as before, but fast enough to do the job. Pro football teams never keep players just because of sentiment.

Lately the object of the game has become "Get the Quarterback." Not that defensive players try to injure the quarterback, but they make sure they hit him as hard as they can. In one season nine NFL quarterbacks were on the sidelines. Several people pleaded for new rules that would give the quarterback more protection. "But this is football,"Vince Lombardi pointed out, "and if you change the rules too much, it's not football." Defensive players everywhere have the same attitude. One player said, "There's only one way I know how to play this game -- be as vicious as I can."

Many NFL ofiicials are trying to crack down on unnecessary roughness. The impact of two men smashing into each other is equal to one man running into a padded wall at 40 m.p.h. This kind of impact led to the death of Stone Johnson of the Kansas City Chiefs in 1963. Johnson was one of two Chiefs waiting to run back a kickoff. The ball went to the other runner, and Johnson moved upfield to block for him. Driving headfirst at an oncoming tackler, Johnson's neck and shoulders took the force of the collision. He suffered a broken neck. He lay on the field paralyzed. When the team doctor got to him, Johnson said, "Doc, I'm gonna die." Eight days later he di.

But deaths are rare. The big problem is the so-called routine injury. "If anybody could come up with a way to prevent knee injuries," says one club manager, "it would be worth a zillion dollars."

Football is a game of blood and bandages. Each season the teams see plenty of both, and the team with the smallest medical bill is likely to be the one that ends up with the championship.